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The Week.

The fate of the demand for four battleships but foreshadows the doom of nearly all the rest of Mr. Roosevelt's programme, despite his numerous special messages. Congress will not adjourn until the middle of May, but until then it will busy itself largely with the appropriation bills. A model child-labor law for the District of Columbia, and perhaps some kind of abbreviated currency bill, may slip through. There will be no legislation concerning injunctions in labor disputes, no amendments to the interstate-commerce law in favor of labor unions, the tariff on wood-pulp will not be touched, or the tax on art removed. The victory of the "stand-patters" is to be complete. And the President consents, of course. That final break with Congress, so long prophesied, is not to take place. There will be no split in the Republican party. The spokesmen of the organization next autumn will dwell on the wisdom displayed by the last Republican Congress, on its glorious demonstration of the truth that Republicans alone can do great constructive work.

If New York Democrats were notorious as heavily respectable statesmen —silkstockings, to use the opprobrious epithet so common a few years since— they might justly feel that a free fight in convention and the election of a Murphy as delegate to Denver are necessary to prove that Democratic hearts still warm toward the plain people. But the Democratic party being what it is in this State, such an extreme course was hardly called for. With Hearst as its last candidate for Governor, with Jackson as its Attorney-General, "Fingy" Conners of Buffalo as State Chairman, Charles F. Murphy boss of New York city, Pat McCarren the leader in Brooklyn, and Senator Tom Grady spokesman at Albany, the Democrats are not likely to be regarded, even in the Bowery dives, as offensively high-toned. A generation ago, in many parts of rural New York, it was a familiar saying that, though all Democrats were not horse-thieves, all horse-thieves were Democrats. But the Administration of Cleveland and the Republican revolt against Blaine brought so many honest Democrats out of hiding that, in these parts, the word almost ceased to be a term of reproach. In recent years, however, the managers of the party have been doing their best to alienate intelligence and character. To that end David B. Hill contributed his generous share. In this city, Croker and then Murphy have been indefatigable. Hearst has helped mightily. Bryan, with his flighty proposals, has perhaps accomplished as much as all the rest put together. Yet in spite of all blunders and iniquities the Democrats had a fair hope of carrying New York in the coming Presidential election. A few weeks ago the outlook seemed uncommonly flattering, especially should President Roosevelt force Taft upon the Republicans; for neither the President nor his policies are just now popular in the great Democratic strongholds of this State. But the proceedings of the Democratic Convention make this chance of success dim and remote. Conners, Murphy, McCarren, and the rest of them have grossly affronted decent sentiment. Murphy is honored by being chosen a delegate-at-large. It would be more exact to say that he chose himself; for he controlled the convention. Evidently, he is bent on making the organization in Brooklyn, and indeed in the whole State, a mere cog in the Tammany machine. In practical politics, we grant, men must sometimes have strong stomachs; but we fancy that a good many citizens of New York will be made queasy by Bryan as candidate for the Presidency and Murphy and Conners as the local chieftains. If this combination does not spell disaster, then the Democracy of New York bears a charmed life.

No marked advance towards the ideal of international peace is to be found in the arbitration treaty between this government and Great Britain, now awaiting ratification in the Senate. But progress to a certain extent it undoubtedly represents when it systematizes the mode of procedure. Probably the most significant change is contained in the provision that the British government reserves the right, "before concluding a special agreement in any matter affecting the interests of a self-governing dominion of the British Empire, to obtain the concurrence therein of the government of that dominion." This is a concession to colonial pride and self-interest which should go far towards avoiding such heartburnings as were aroused in Canada by the outcome of the Alaskan boundary dispute, or more recently in Newfoundland over the fisheries question. That a Liberal government, the party of "Little Englanders," should make so important a contribution to the fortunes of the Empire by reducing the possibilities of strife between the mother country and her colonies, must disturb Conservative complacency in England.

Mr. Gompers, at the great meeting in this city Sunday night, described in plain language the "serious situation" which confronts laboring men and labor unions. It is that they find themselves in the same boat, legally, with millionaires and Trusts. This is appalling. There has been, it is true, a cherished tradition of Anglo-Saxon democracy that the law must be no respecter of persons. From the time of the Judicious Hooker to the day of the not too judicious Roosevelt, we have been accustomed to praises of law as containing equal sanctions and the same penalties for the high and the lowly; baron and villein, magnate and labor leader, alike enjoying its protection and submitting to its sway. But we have been gradually changing all that. The conception has crept in of law as the enshrining of special privilege—in the Dingley Tariff, for example, and in labor legislation—so that Mr. Gompers naturally and innocently steps forward as one entitled to cry aloud because the Supreme Court has held that he is not immune from the law which is binding upon all others. We have, in short, come to the fearful pass when gross injustice consists in even-handed justice. It was not put quite so bluntly by Mr. Gompers, yet that was really the burden of his complaint. To him, long nourished on the idea that organized labor is a favored class, it seems shocking and intolerable that, when a labor union conspires to restrain trade, it should be visited with the penalty laid down by the law for all such restraint; and that, when it erects itself into a tyrannous monopoly, it should be adjudged worthy of the punishment of all monopolists. It is impossible for Mr. Gompers, or any one else, to state the grievances of organized labor without letting it appear that what they desire is exemption from the common operation of the common law. This is what they proclaim their intention of fighting for with their ballots. They propose to "hold strictly accountable" every member of Congress, and every Presidential candidate, who refuses to assent to labor's demand that it be made a privileged class. There is, of course, no objection to laboring men, or any other body of citizens, going into politics to make their wishes known and their power felt. That is the democratic way. But it is consonant neither with democracy nor with elementary fair play, for one set of Americans to try to remove themselves from the scope of laws that are made for the government and peace and well-being of all. Let Mr. Gompers lead his followers into the battle of the ballots by all means, but let him not hope to conceal the fact that he

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is asserting himself as greater than the law.

In Senator Foraker's speech on the Brownsville affair the eloquence of fact reinforced the eloquence of rhetoric when Mr. Foraker declared that, "the vilest horse-thief, the most dangerous burglar, or the bloodiest murderer would not be required either to prove his innocence or to submit to a trial before a judge who had in even the most casual way expressed the opinion that the defendant was guilty." And the Senator was still stating substantial fact when he declared that it was a question of a judge "who has already prejudged their case, not once, or twice, or three times, and casually, but repeatedly and officially, and each time with a manifestation of the most unqualified conviction that not only some of the men discharged did the shooting, but that many, if not all of them, had knowledge of the perpetrators, which, through a conspiracy of silence, they have refused to divulge." We say substantial fact because we find in the President's words on Brownsville a certain modification of tone which would argue that, if his convictions had not changed, the expediency of milder expression was present to his mind. In December, 1906, he speaks of men "implicated in the raid on Brownsville, Tex." In March of the present year these men became a "class whose discharge was deemed necessary in order to maintain the discipline and morale of the army." At the present moment the "raid" has become an "affray." Whether such milder speech indicates softened wrath or a mind prudential, is hard to tell.

A gentleman who knew all about the "plot" to bring on a panic was before the Banking Committee of the House of Representatives last Thursday. His evidence was, however, very like that of Mr. Cable's Creole: he was absolutely sure of it; he would make oath to it; in fact, he thought so. Some one had told him so; hence it must be so. Indeed, a "prominent financier," whose name he would not give, had predicted the panic, and how could it be doubted that what was thus predicted had been wickedly brought about? This is very much of a piece with Senator La Follette's "proof" that because a certain number of men might have cornered the money supply, and brought loss and misery on themselves with others, therefore they did it. As for predictions of a panic, they were publicly made by the dozen, months before it came. Predictions of a new panic are already made. Chairman Fowler, of the very committee before which this horrid plot was laid bare, predicted in a speech at Chicago that, if the currency were not reformed, the country would have a panic compared with which the crash of 1907 would seem child's play. Consequently, and by the severest canons of this "plot" logic, Mr. Fowler will be the author of the next terrible panic.

The enactment, by the Legislature at Albany, of the bills to reform the trust-company law of this State, has attracted comparatively little comment. These measures, however, embody a more imperative reform, and are a much more practical application of the lessons of the recent panic, than any or all of the proposed currency legislation at Washington. That the national currency system, directly or indirectly, was a cause of last autumn's disturbances and of the portentous phenomena which accompanied them, it would be difficult to prove. But that the very defective laws regulating reserves and investments of the trust companies of New York State did play a great part, there is no doubt whatever. The panic of 1907 might have occurred without the precarious conditions created by this so-called trust-company finance; but it was that which brought it to a head with such amazing violence, which converged on New York city the worst of the shock, and which reproduced, in the financial centre of the nation, a scene of terror and demoralization such as has not been witnessed in this city since 1857. No one who studies the careful analysis, in such treatises as Prof. W. G. Sumner's "American Currency," of the unsound banking, inadequate maintenance of reserves, and rash investment of demand deposits, by the State institutions of half a century ago, will doubt the large responsibility of that system for the financial collapse of the period. But a comparison of those earlier State-bank practices with the recent placing of demand deposit funds, running with some institutions up to $40,000,000, in slow investments not permitted to the banks, and with a cash reserve ranging only from 5 to 10 per cent., will show how closely we had been imitating 1857. Hereafter, 15 per cent. of trust-company demand deposits in the cities must be kept on hand in cash; and in a second bill, careful restrictions on the investment of such deposits, drawn up by the Banking Superintendent, are imposed. These reforms will, we presume, be imitated in other States where trust-company laws suffer from similar defects. Thus at least one result of the highest value for the future may be achieved through the hardships of last autumn.

The most interesting session of the Eleventh Conference for Education in the South, which began at Memphis yesterday, is probably that devoted to discussion of compulsory attendance. Tennessee, where the Conference meets, affords an excellent example of the need of such a compulsory law as is to be found in every Northern State, and in Missouri and Kentucky as well. The enrolment in its public schools in 1905 was 507,000 children, besides 30,000 in private institutions; but as the total population of school age in that year was 762,894, it is evident that some 225,000 children were not even enrolled. This is a bad enough showing in all conscience for an enlightened State in the twentieth century; it becomes much worse when the figures of attendance are examined. The average in 1905 was only 348,000; that is, less than half of the children of Tennessee are getting any schooling whatever. Even those whose parents compel them to report to their teachers receive only 116 days of instruction. More shocking than all is the fact that the number of illiterate white voters in Tennessee has *increased* from 37,173 in 1870 to 52,418 in 1900. If democratic institutions are safe only when they rest upon an informed public sentiment, they are obviously in danger in this State, with its 159,000 white illiterates, to say nothing of the ignorant blacks. These and other data of similar import were published recently in the Sewanee *Review* by George F. Milton, editor of the Knoxville *Sentinel*, who is one of the speakers at the Memphis Conference. If Germany, he asks, with less than one-half of 1 per cent. of her population illiterate, requires a ten months' school course for all children, how can Tennessee ever reduce its appalling illiteracy to the same figure, with only 116 days, and less than one-half its children in school? Unfortunately, a reform in this matter cannot be brought about quickly. The cost must be considered. If the 762,894 children should appear to-morrow demanding instruction, there would not be sitting enough or teachers enough. Tennessee is now spending $3,400,000 a year on its schools, and if this seems a small sum to wealthier States, it is a large sum for a State of Tennessee's resources. Among other obstacles is the attitude of employers of child-labor. Compulsory attendance at school-houses for children would be nearly as effective a way of keeping them out of the mills in the daytime as would a direct law to that effect. Hence the mill men always have grave doubts as to the advisability of education for the masses. And, finally, there is the complication of providing schools for the negro as well as the white. That plan rouses much opposition; yet if the negroes are a menace, if they are lazy, shiftless, and unstable, it is largely because of their ignorance.

Italy's "war" with Turkey has been settled in a way that should please the most pacific. The Turkish government has assured the Italian foreign minister that Italy will be accorded the same treatment with regard to post offices as that enjoyed by other Powers. The

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Italian armada, therefore, will not sail. That is the manner in which conflicts between the Porte and a Western Power have been decided of late. The offended Power's fleet occupies an island or custom house in Asia Minor, and the Ottoman government yields. There can be little doubt that Italy's contemplated action in the Levant was with the sanction of her partners in the Triple Alliance. Indeed, Prince von Bülow's arrival in Rome a week ago would preclude any other hypothesis. Italy's activities in the near Orient have shown, in general, a marked increase during the last two years. There are, of course, the old-abiding hopes with regard to Dalmatia and a Greater Italy across the Adriatic, and also with regard to Tripoli. But fresh zeal has come to Italian aspirations as a direct result of the ecclesiastical controversy in France. As a logical outcome of the Separation Law, France has been abandoning her historic rôle of protector of Catholics in the East, and Italy has been stepping into her place. Religious orders, with their affiliated missions, schools, and hospitals, have been transferring their formal adherence from the French to the Italian government, and the latter has thus been acquiring in Turkey's Asiatic and African dominions a degree of authority not at all commensurate with the importance of its material interests in those regions. Tripoli alone is the exception; for that, as we have said, Italy has long regarded as set apart for her own ultimate inheritance. How the nation will rise to its new responsibilities time must show. Up to the present, Italy's colonial adventures have ranged from unmitigated disaster to just ordinary failure. Abyssinia has recently shown, in the raid by the Ogades tribesmen on Lugh, that the hard experience of thirteen years ago must still be borne in mind by a cautious government. Italy peoples, with her vast overflow, the western continent and the colonies of other nations, like those of France in North Africa; but she has not yet shown capacity for managing colonies of her own.

Macedonia is one of the subjects which have taken Chancellor von Bülow on a journey to Vienna, and subsequently to Rome, where he arrived last week. His mission, according to his own statement, is to aid in the selection of a middle course between the proposals brought forward by Great Britain and by Russia for the amelioration of conditions in Macedonia. The British scheme proposes in substance an autonomous Macedonia under a governor appointed for ten years by the Porte and removable only with the consent of the Powers. Russia's proposals are far more moderate. The inspector-general of the three Macedonian vilayets, Hilmi Pasha, who is accused of being an instrument of the Sultan, is to be retained as a concession to that sovereign. The powers at present vested in the Russian and Austrian civil agents, of reporting to their governments on the state of Macedonia and offering suggestions for reform, are to be conferred on the members of al the six great Powers now sitting in the International Financial Commission. These members shall be taken into the Turkish service. The general of the present *gendarmerie* corps shall participate in the deliberations of the Financial Commission, to which is assigned the administration of justice in accordance with a scheme of reform prepared by the Powers. Russia's proposals are tantamount, therefore, to an abandonment of the dual Austro-Russian agency in Macedonia under the Mürzsteg programme, and the erection of some such system as was instituted in Egypt after the revolution of Arabi Pasha. The Porte finds even the Russian scheme objectionable. In the conflict and reconciliation of so many diverse views, Macedonia promises to occupy a foremost position in the coming diplomatic season.

Mr. Redmond's challenge to the new British Ministry, involved in the statement that the reconstruction of the Cabinet has necessitated a change in the attitude of Ireland towards the government, needs to be read in the light of general Nationalist tactics. Before this we have had violent Irish denunciation of ultimate government policy coupled with a readiness to coöperate with the authorities for the attainment of minor ends. Thus the Nationalist leader was consulted in the drafting of last year's Irish Council Bill, which, up to the last moment, was supposed to have his approval. Yet its rejection by the Nationalist convention at Dublin was brought about on his own motion. That performance, again, did not prevent recent coöperation on the Irish University Bill, or the expression of more or less sympathetic opinions in the course of the late debates on Home Rule and the cost of Irish administration. After Mr. Birrell's explicit declarations in favor of Home Rule, and his courageous action in refusing to resort to exceptional police regulations demanded by the Ulster members for the suppression of cattle-driving, it is hard on the genial Irish Secretary that he should be lumped with Mr. Asquith as an object of Mr. Redmond's hostility. And even with regard to the new Premier, there is no apparent reason why the Nationalists should grow suddenly restless. Mr. Asquith, it is true, is not a Home Ruler. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was. But, in practice, both statesmen stand on the same platform—namely, that the present Parliament has no mandate for dealing with the question of Home Rule.

Persia's anxiety with regard to the activity of Russian troops on her northwestern frontier is not altogether without reason. The specific explanation of the entry of Russian troops into Persian territory—the pursuit and punishment of Kurdish raiders—may be valid enough, but it is a matter of recent record that Russia has been searching for some reason or other to justify her throwing troops across the frontier into Azerbaijan. A few months ago it was Turkey's aggression that threatened to turn that corner of Persia into a field for Russian campaigning, and now it is the depredations of the Kurdish tribesmen. The occasion and beginning of Russian activity in the Persian Caucasus are thus much like the opening events of the Manchurian business—an attack on Russian positions by rebel bands, followed by a Russian invasion and occupation. The Persian government, however, is acting more wisely than the Chinese government did. It has sent a force of its own to coöperate with the Russian troops against the Kurds. Under such circumstances, Russia's designs, if they are real, will have to proceed with more boldness than she may care to display.

The growth of alcoholism in France is arousing no more attention than it should, if the figures one finds in the French press do not exaggerate conditions. One such account maintains that the consumption of liquor is increasing faster in France than in either Austria or Belgium—which share with France the doubtful honor of being the only countries where there is increase at all. Russia ought probably to go into this class, but our account does not take it into consideration. In the British Isles the annual consumption of distilled liquors per head of the population was 4.4 litres in 1840 (the litre equals 1.056 quarts), 6 in 1871-80; 5.1 in 1881-90, and 5 in 1891-1900. In Denmark there has been a decline from 18.6 in 1875-80 to 14.2 in 1891-1900; in Norway, from 16 in 1833 to 3.2 in 1881-90 and 3.1 in 1891-1900; in Sweden from 22 in 1850 to 7.3 in 1891-1900. Switzerland has sunk from 9.2 in 1881-85 to 4.9 in 1896-1900. Germany has been standing still for thirty years at about 8.5 litres. But Austria-Hungary has risen from 6.4 in 1865-69 to 9.6 in 1891-1900, Belgium from 6.9 in 1831-40 to 9.3 in 1891-1900, and France from 2.4 in 1831-40 to 8.7 in 1891-1900. The increase in France in seventy years is nearly 400 per cent. It has been pointed out that the three countries in which alcoholism thrives are those in which practically nothing has hitherto been done to combat the evil. Where intelligent effort has been made, there have been corresponding results, as in the striking case of the Scandinavian countries, once the classic home of drunkenness.

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THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE BATTLESHIPS.

We cannot credit the report that the President intends to send another special message demanding four battleships, this time to the Senate. According to one dispatch, he is willing to risk an even worse rebuff than he has received, because he believes the "people" are with him. On this point Mr. Roosevelt would, we are convinced, be undeceived if he could but get at the sound moral sentiment of the mass of intelligent and reflecting citizens. The clergy are speaking out more and more clearly, and petitions, important because of the names they bear, have been laid before House and Senate in large numbers.

When the House took action last week, not the combined efforts of Nicholas Longworth, Richmond P. Hobson, and Bourke Cockran, nor even the reported threat of a Presidential veto of the Public Buildings bill, could muster sufficient support for Mr. Roosevelt's plan. Mr. Longworth insisted that, since many members were elected to support Mr. Roosevelt, they were in honor bound to vote for four ships, but this argument overlooked the fact that when these Representatives were chosen the President was heart and soul a one-battleship man. Altogether, the debate was a brilliant one, with Mr. Burton and Mr. Tawney carrying off the honors for sanity, patriotism, and courage. If the President is to-day bitterly disappointed, one explanation must be that he was deceived by promises of many votes that failed him. The outcome of the debate indicates, as we have already said, that the sober part of this nation is not inclined to the reckless policy of building enormous fleets.

One of the unhappiest features of President Roosevelt's sudden demand for four battleships was the circulation of a private letter from him. It was shown to the Speaker. It was read in confidence by leading members of the House. Though it is not yet published—and perhaps it may never be—its drift is nevertheless known. This was to the effect that the President feared complications with some foreign Power, and wished the country to be more strongly armed. The same idea was expressed by many in the House debate. Here was the Commander-in-Chief, responsible for the safety of the nation; and if he said that more ships are imperatively needed, it was not for Congress to reason why. There must be some danger against which the President desired to guard, though the ordinary Congressman knew nothing about it; and the "patriotic" course was to vote the ships in a blind confidence. These hints of foreign machinations to be headed off are rather an old story. At the time of the lawless seizure of Panama, we had the same herring drawn across the trail. The wicked foreigner was also worked hard when the question of intervention in Santo Domingo came up. Gen. Grant had forty years before seen similar visions of being forestalled by Europeans in Samana Bay. It is a familiar device. In the present case, however, it failed of effect. Yet the impression was made, and inevitably, that all is not well in our foreign relations. The President's message was all about peacemaking, but the inference that war was expected, and was being prepared for, could not but be drawn. We may be sure that it was drawn by every Foreign Office, quite without reference to any hints the President may privately have given. His public appeal was bound to create suspicion and uneasiness where none existed before. On this point Mr. Burton bore down hard.

It is generally understood that Japan is the country against whose aggressions the President had it in mind to strengthen himself. This was plainly intimated in the House debate. The far-seeing Hobson, who appeared as the spokesman for the President's policy, made out a Japanese armada at sea, more powerful than anything we could bring against it. It was fear of a swift stroke from Japan that made Bourke Cockran gyrate once more. Several other speakers dwelt upon the same peril. Now, we know and Congress knows of no evidence anywhere that Japan contemplates anything but a course of peaceful development. She has burdens at home heavy enough to stagger under, in all conscience. But even granting that the dire imaginings of Hobson have some foundation in fact, and that we must make ready for war with Japan, even that would not be a valid argument for four more battleships. The German military expert, Col. Gädke, has an article in a recent issue of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, in which he makes a detailed comparison of our battleship squadron, now in the Pacific, with the Japanese strength at sea. His summing up is that the American fleet musters 416,000 tons, against 287,000 for Japan; while we have 192 heavy guns, and 396 of smaller calibre, as compared with 117 and 286, respectively, on the Japanese ships. Col. Gädke's conclusion is that, "in homogeneity, armament, modernness, and speed, the American fleet in the Pacific far surpasses the Japanese." It would be hard to twist out of this an argument for four more battleships.

Say what big-navy advocates will about their desire to keep the peace of the world by arming to the teeth, the whole thing is necessarily hollow. They talk of defence, but their thoughts are really of aggression. This crops out inevitably in the President's message. The thing which obviously counts more with him than anything else is the determination to "repel insult." It is really in that spirit that the rival and insensate programmes of battleship-building are entered upon by the great Powers. It is not that each hopes to outstrip the other as a peacemaker, but that each hopes to be in readiness to "smash" the other. The exact truth was stated by Congressman Burton, when he said:

> I have listened oftentimes to the talk of our becoming peacemakers by building a navy. How absurd that is! The increase of navies is to increase the might and the prestige of the countries which build them, and for each enlargement in our naval programme the whole world will look with an added degree of suspicion upon us, thinking that our designs are not for peace, but for empire and for the enlargement of our dominion.

DELIBERATIVE CONVENTIONS.

The movement among sober Democrats to make the Denver Convention something more than a ratification meeting, seems to be gaining force. There will be at least a respectable minority to ask the delegates to reason together, instead of merely hurrahing. Judge Parker's consent to go as a delegate-at-large from New York certainly implies that he expects to work with men from New England, Pennsylvania, and the South, in the hope of inducing the party to face its large opportunity in a large way. This notion of the duty of the Convention is, of course, held by Mr. Bryan to be hostile to him. To deliberate, he is aware, is to oppose his candidacy; hence he is for ironclad instructions, and for making the delegates mere automata. In 1904, at St. Louis, it is true, he appealed for the broader view; and after the defeat in that year he announced that party reorganization should be undertaken with the sole aim of selecting the most available leader. But now, with his grip on the Democratic machine assuring him control of the convention, the plea for a free conference, looking to the best line of policy and the choice of a winning candidate, he rejects with scorn.

The original theory of national conventions was that they should be deliberative. More broadly based than the Congressional caucus which they superseded, they were yet to adhere to the old custom of looking the field over and deciding what was best to be done at the time. The change simply meant that hundreds of delegates sent by the people should act on the same principle that had guided the handful of Congressmen who had before named for the Presidency the most eligible leader of the party. So many recent national conventions have been cut-and-dried affairs as to lead to forgetfulness of their intended functions. Surely, no one can give a good reason why men, met to consult for the party, should not act as reasonable beings.

In the Republican party, too, there is an effort making, as a need undoubtedly exists, for keeping the Chicago Con-

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vention free to confer and to decide. This is the avowed purpose of Senator Crane in Massachusetts. With him are associated influential Republicans in other States. They oppose hard-and-fast instructions for any candidate, because they argue that the judgment of February and March and April may not prove to be the wiser judgment of June. This movement in favor of deliberation is taken to be anti-Taft, just as the corresponding attempt in the Democratic party is said to be anti-Bryan; but it is not necessarily so. It may be that a calm survey of all the conditions and all the candidates would lead the delegates at Chicago to decide, irrespective of pledges or instructions, that Secretary Taft is the best man for the party to nominate. If so, no friend of his has any ground for dreading frank discussion and free decision. But if not, then no friend of the Republican party can fail to dread a convention tied up to an inferior candidate.

It is clearly better coolly to face the facts before nomination than to have them thrust forward embarrassingly afterwards. And that there must be grave doubts about Mr. Taft's success, this year, many sagacious Republicans, including good friends of his, freely concede. The circumstances of his being pushed for the nomination, by executive decree, and by a use of Federal office-holders quite unconcealed and unscrupulous, cannot fail to be a handicap. No candidate has ever been under such an enormous personal obligation to another man as Secretary Taft would be under to President Roosevelt. It must be said also, that the Secretary's public addresses have been commonplace; they have set prudent people wondering how he could hold his own in a campaign against the versatile and rhetorical and sensational Bryan. We find in the Portland *Oregonian* of April 11 an article which, while forecasting Mr. Taft's nomination, goes over judicially the arguments against his vote-winning powers, and concludes as follows:

> It may be that Mr. Taft's best hope of compensating the losses which he must expect among the negroes and workingmen lies in a huge secession from the Democratic party which may follow the nomination of Mr. Bryan. But this secession is problematical. The chances are that it will not be very extensive, and it may not take place at all. If it does not, how can Mr. Taft be elected?

The fact that such questions are asked in good faith reinforces the demand that the Chicago Convention look before and after, when nominating a candidate. As Gen. Woodford said in his speech before the Taft Club at Chicago on Monday, what is wanted is a convention which will nominate with its head. We have not yet had a statesman to thank God that the national convention of his party had ceased to be a deliberative body.

SONS OF THE ARGONAUTS.

Two years after the earthquake and fire, San Francisco has been pausing for a moment from the chorus of pneumatic hammers and the dazzle of red-hot rivets to take stock. There has been a little introspection, too. Californians have read President David Starr Jordan's analysis:

> The essential source of Californianism lies in heredity. The Argonauts of '49 were buoyant, self-reliant, adequate, reckless, thoroughly individualistic, capable of all adjustments, careless of conventions.

They have also read:

> Its cosmopolitanism was conspicuous as a cause of bad government, wasted revenues, and vile environment of its children, rather than in its more romantic aspects. The San Francisco we all loved was ours in spite of this, not because of it.

Looking at the city from the other side of the continent, however, it is the iron spirit of the pioneer which gradually fills the eye, for the purely physical achievements of the past twenty months have been wholly admirable.

New buildings have gone up to the value of $100,000,000; and only a small 4 per cent. of this great sum has been borrowed in the East. Insurance paid after the fire amounted to about $180,000,000, but much of it went directly to savings banks which held policies as security for loans, and was applied to the reduction of mortgages. There have been extremely few foreclosures of mortgages since the big fire; and San Francisco to-day claims a lower percentage of debt of this kind than any large city in the country. Savings bank deposits were little less last year than before the disaster, and greater than in 1904. What is more, the city has a lower percentage of municipal debt than any considerable town in the United States.

Turning to the work of reconstruction, we find that nearly 30,000 buildings were destroyed, covering nearly five square miles. Yet the city, at its heart, begins to look like a city again. Further out are blackened tracts, but these, it is believed, will be covered more rapidly, as business demands homes; for a wooden dwelling is not such a complicated undertaking as a steel block when the site of the latter is 3,000 miles west of the blast furnaces. Looking down the streets in a series of photographs presented in the *Sunset Magazine*, one sees still the bare plots and waste spaces, even in the business district, but these are overshadowed by scores of tall buildings and steel skeletons. A new Chinatown has arisen, too, cleaner and loftier, with pagoda roofs here and there—a touch of Oriental persistence. Street cars are plenty, and sidewalks appear busy, for the population, which dropped by almost a quarter after April, 1906, is now back again to its old figure, a little less than that of Baltimore. But in these Western cities the resources of the country are often out of all proportion to population; hence their astonishing development. For instance, from the State last year were shipped fruit and salmon and wine to a value above $70,000,000, the sale of 90 per cent. of which is credited to San Francisco houses and their branches.

The task set for the municipality was enormous. Replacement of streets, sewers, and municipal buildings called for an expenditure of more than $25,000,000, and necessitated a bond issue which is now under way. A system of salt-water hill-top reservoirs is to be ready to flood any future fire. A city hall is to cost $5,000,000; a courthouse another million. Ten new school buildings are now going up, and thirty-five more are projected to replace those burned. Moreover, a new city hospital must not be left to the last.

It may be that, with the upbuilding of the visible city, there will also be a permanent renovation of the inner and invisible San Francisco. Certainly, the sons of the Argonauts have suffered much—earthquake, fire, thieves, both the ordinary kind and the political; Dick Turpins of union labor, famines of material, and, last of all, plague. All these troubles have been fought, some with and others without much outside help. Recently the moral spirit of the city seemed to lag in its struggle with grafters in high places. The motives of prosecutors have been assailed and the issues befogged. There was grumbling in the clubs that "interests" were being injured, that "business" would suffer. New York knows how powerfully this kind of undercurrent may be felt. Possibly, the much-delayed bringing of "Abe" Ruef before a jury will clear the air there and make plainer the target which must be hit. At any rate, there has been a fight, and the people in at least one election have stood pretty solidly on the right side.

So, all in all, after two years, San Francisco is entitled to congratulations. The life of the city seems moving as of old. The plague has been stamped out by means of an expenditure of $150,000 which had been subscribed to exterminate rats. A fund of $60,000 has been raised for the entertainment of the sailors of the fleet. These figures speak for themselves, when one remembers the picture of the homeless and hungry thousands in Golden Gate Park, dazed, and temporarily ruined, staring at the smoke and flames in the distance, and cut off from even the reports of wide-opened hearts and purses in every city of the Union.

THE SLANG OF THE SPECIALIST.

The French government, looking about for something to reform, recently decided that the language of judicial procedure stands in need of renovation.

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France is a country where "stamped paper" plays as important a part as anywhere in Europe, which means a part far more important than among us. Among a people where almost every conceivable step, even down to the report of the latest fashionable and innocuous duel, must be attended by the drawing up of an *acte* or the rendering of a *compte rendu*, the notary is almost as exalted a personage as the lawyer. Under such circumstances, the turgidity of the legal rhetoric is felt as one of the considerable vexations of the dismal land of red tape. Most of the legal forms, so at least a writer in the *Figaro* charges, date from the time of Colbert, so that a Parisian of 1908 in suing another Parisian for the recovery of the price of an automobile or an aeroplane, is obliged to indite his plea in the same terms that a coach and harness maker of 1673 might have employed in suing Molière's Trissotin for the price of the beautiful *carrosse* on which so much embossed gold revealed itself to the glory of his lady-love. In England, that would be an argument in favor of sticking to the old forms for a couple of hundred years more. Not so in doctrinaire France under a radical-progressive Ministry.

Any move in the direction attempted by the French government is bound to arouse sympathetic interest everywhere. The professional pedant and his diction have been the subject of immemorial satire; and there can be little doubt that the pedantry of the law has been more often laughed at and denounced than all other forms of technical preciosity taken together. More than the windy philosopher, or even the quack doctor, the man of law traditionally holds the world enmeshed in his network of obscurities, redundancies, and obsolescences. And the bulk of humble opinion throughout the world, and throughout the ages, has been that the lawyer has developed and clings to his dialect solely with a view to his own profit. The common mind fails to see any sufficient reason for saying, "give, cede, deed, bequeath, and assign," when what the client intends is, like the testator in the story, that "Sally shall have it all." We may not all of us be Jack Cades, but to a greater or less extent most of us feel a responsive echo to Cade's complaint:

> Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should undoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe; for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was never my own man since.

And yet, with all the failings of legal jargon, we should deplore a certain loss if the axe should rudely cleave into it and let in the light of every-day speech. There is a poetry of technical speech which is by no means peculiar to the terminology of the law. Medicine, the natural sciences, and even the historical sciences, have their own vocabulary, no less than law or sport. Such scientific vocabularies have been called the "slang of the specialist"; but if they have the limited range of appeal which attaches to slang, they have also much of the savor and color of slang, without its temporary grasp on existence. The acme of the weariness of prose is embodied in the notary's enumeration of "said" William Joneses and Jack Robinsons, and parties of the first and second part. But there is charm in a phrase like "ancient lights" or "innocent conveyance," and there is a fine ring about "chose in action," "cestui que trust," "trover," and even our old friend, "livery of seizin."

One service our specialized terminologies render us is in keeping fresh or suggesting the original etymological meaning of words. The lawyer does this when he speaks of engrossing. The physician does the same when he speaks of essential anæmia, or a superior vein, or the primitive jugular. Examining a patient's chest by the method of palpating, or tapping with the finger, is not only conducive to a sound diagnosis, but should bring delight to any one with a touch of the philologian in him. The common language which is constantly slurring the meaning of words into broad and vague connotations, thus finds a constant corrective in technical usage. At a time when "proposition" may mean a proposal of marriage, or a gold mine, or a difficulty, or a growling customer, or a balky automobile, it is good that we should be occasionally reminded by the geometer of his "proposition" and by the lawyer of his "proponent."

All this is aside from the actual poetic spirit that persists in much of our technical vocabulary. When the zoölogist speaks of a vermin-infested animal as the "host" and of the parasite as his "guest," he almost beautifies the ugly, or at least gives the matter an aspect as broad as the law of evolution itself. "Railroad" is parvenu and undistinguished beside "common carrier." No singer of songs speaks of hotel-keepers and railroads and employees; but when an ordinary person uses the lawyer's terms "innkeeper" or "master and servant," he casts a glow of fancy over his every-day discourse. The language of heraldry contains in itself a whole wealth of poetry. The bird which feeds its young on its own heart's blood and is described as a "pelican in her piety," endows that hackneyed last term with splendid meaning. Surely, such a phrase is as deserving of preservation as the statement that O'Brien, after knocking up a fly, "died on second," or that at the end of the fifth round Casey was "about all in."

THE ROMANS IN ISTRIA AND DALMATIA.*—II.

THE EARLY COLONIES AND THEIR RUINS.

While Augustus was fortifying and enlarging Salona (See the *Nation* of December 5, 1907, p. 511), he was also, during the years just before and after 30 B. C., establishing a continuous line of new colonies along the coast from Tergeste (Trieste) to Narona, near Montenegro, and surrounding them with fortifications. His troops had only recently reconquered Dalmatia, and he was still enthusiastic to carry out Cæsar's scheme for making this region the starting-point for the concerted advance on the valley of the Danube. I shall describe what is left of three of the most important of these colonies, now represented by the modern cities of Trieste, Pola, and Zara.

Ancient Tergeste is now the modern busy seaport of Trieste, main outlet of the Austrian Empire on the Adriatic, seat of the Austrian Lloyd Steamship Company. It is so absolutely modern that it seems almost hopeless to attempt to trace any of its Roman life. And yet what we do find that is ancient is peculiarly precious, because so much of it dates from the time of the foundation by Augustus. It is possible that Tergeste was colonized as early as 41 B. C., when the great distributions of land to veterans after Philippi took place; but the city walls came a few years later. What their date was appears from an inscription, part of which is preserved in the Lapidary Museum, reading: "Imp. Cæsar Cos. desig. tert, III. vir. R. I. C. iter. murum turresque fecit." This statement, on one of the early city gates, shows that the walls, towers, and gates were built by Augustus and completed at the close of his Second Consulship, after he had been nominated for a third term. This gives the date 32 B. C., making it the earliest dated civic Augustan inscription. What has become of these gates and walls? Even the location of the two main gateways—Prætoria and Decumana—is unknown. They were probably pierced with two or three arcades, as in other Augustan cities of medium or small size.

But I believe I have identified one of the minor Augustan gates, one of the outlets of the Cardo, the main cross street, in the so-called Arco di Riccardo, which still stands on the descending slope facing the port. One of its ends is hidden in the wall of a modern house, and its piers are half-buried under the present street pavement, so that its proportions are terribly dwarfed and its effectiveness quite lost; but its pure and simple solidity, the Corinthian order of its façade, the style of its mouldings, and the size of its constructive units, are all indications of its early age. That it was a gate in the city walls, and not a free-standing arch, is evident from the unfinished state of its exposed end; and excavations would doubtless bring to light the base of the city walls on a line with it. Its single arcade is framed by a pair of Corinthian half-columns supporting a frieze and attic, both of which had plain, uninscribed surfaces. Had this been one of the principal gates it would certainly have had a dedicatory inscription. For all

*Other articles in this series have appeared in the issues of the *Nation* for May 30, August 8, September 5, and December 5, 1907.

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its simplicity, it would repay excavation. I recommend it to the care of the Central Archæological Commission in Vienna. I hardly think that they appreciate its early date or historic importance, for, except by Graef, it has never been ascribed, so far as I am aware, to the time of Augustus.

Are there also possibly in Trieste any traces of the Colony Arch which was the indispensable concomitant of the foundation of a Roman city, or any further records of the city gates? When the cathedral of the converted city was built in the fifth century, and when it was added to in subsequent centuries, the site of the old Capitolium, or main temple of the Roman Tergeste, was used, and its ruins were built into the church. Parts of other ancient monuments came into use as building material when the bell tower was put up, and the main portal of the church was formed out of an antique sepulchral monument. In this farrago, and among the many fragments in the neighboring Museo Lapidario, I was delighted to discover parts of both the main Augustan gates and the Colony Arch. To the Arch I attribute two sections of a narrow frieze with a decoration of arms and armor in low relief above a double architrave. It belongs to the same type as the friezes that still remain in place in the other early Augustan arches of Pola and S. Remy (Southern France), built in the same decade. To the same arch may belong a section of cornice with an early form of egg-and-dart, dentil and anthemion decoration, a bit of frieze with foliated scroll-work, and some slabs with arms and armor and further frieze fragments, built into the campanile. On the other hand, to the gates, which were always of simpler design than the arch, belonged two colossal heads, in very bold projection, of guardian deities of the city, one a form of Jupiter Ammon, with rams' horns, the other a Medusa-like genius with snakes decorating its cheeks. They can be compared to the heads (Jupiter and Juno?) on the keystones of the Augustan arches of Rimini, Fano, and other city gates in Italy, and to the heads on the Augustan gates at Pola and on the recently discovered memorial gate of Trajan at Asseria, in Dalmatia itself, which I shall describe later. These heads have never been identified, but I believe my suggestion is the only tenable explanation.

An interesting and also unrecognized Augustan monument in Trieste (restored between 50 and 60, A. D.) is the principal temple, which was used for the earliest cathedral basilica. It had a double pronaos, with pilaster responds, which formed the primitive portico of this basilica, and which in the Middle Ages was used for the foundations of the campanile which projects beyond one end of the church façade. Hidden within the lower, hollow part of this campanile we can study what still remains of the columns and pilasters of pure early workmanship. It certainly was the Capitolium of the Augustan colony.

But it is in Pola that we find the most spectacular group of Roman monuments. To any one who has stood on the hillside behind the great amphitheatre and watched the golden glint on the bay at sunset through its arcades, or who has seen it at the same hour from the water, rising luminous and ethereal, there is no amphitheatre in the Roman world, even the Coliseum, that gives as keen a thrill of artistic delight. The very barbarous gutting of its interior by the mediæval Venetians, to use its blocks of famous Istrian marble for building material in Venice, has heightened its unique beauty by turning the arcades of the inclosure, which are in perfect preservation, into as many symmetrical picture-frames. One cannot, however, claim an Augustan date for this amphitheatre, as for that of Salona; the attribution to the time of Antoninus Pius is in harmony with its style.

But the rest of the Roman architecture of Pola is almost certainly of the early Augustan era; the city gates, the Colony Arch, and the Capitolium, or Temple of Rome and Augustus, all bear the marks of this time. To me the most interesting was, of course, the Arch, called Porta Aurea, or Arch of the Sergii. It has been more than once referred to in these letters. It fulfilled my ideal of a triumphal arch of the exquisitely simple type, where both figured and decorative sculpture were quite subservient to architectural line and composition. It is as representative of this type as that of Orange is of the rather barbaric luxuriant sculptured type, devoid of linear distinctiveness; as that of Aosta is of the grand, Puritanical, purely architectural type; and as that of Beneventum is of the Hellenic type, where symmetry of line and richness of sculpture are perfectly blended. Certainly no local artist could have designed this arch of Pola, but one of the foremost Hellenic artists in Roman employ. The early Augustan date of this arch is not understood; neither has it been recognized by any critic as a colony arch; but both of these facts are certain, and the first is vouched for by its inscriptions, which prove that it was built out of funds given by Salvia Postuma of the family of the Sergii, and was surmounted by statues of the men of this family, who were the first magistrates of the new colony. In the centre of the attic stood the statue of Sergius Lepidus, who is described as ædile and military tribune of the Twenty-ninth Legion, and on either side were those of the brothers L. Sergius and Cn. Sergius, both ædiles and duumvirs of the city. The mere fact that Sergius Lepidus was tribune of the Twenty-ninth Legion is enough to prove the Augustan date of the arch, because this legion was disbanded about 30 B. C., after the battle of Actium, and went forever out of existence, together with many other legions, which were no longer needed after the close of the civil war with Marc Antony.

From other sources the date of the raising of Pola to the rank of a colony can be fixed as at any rate earlier than 27 B. C., and probably than 29 B. C., because its official name was Colonia Pietas Iulia. It is known that all the Augustan colonies founded during and after 27 B. C. were named Augusta, while the earlier ones, founded under the Triumvirs (43-30 B. C.), were named, as this one is, Julia, in memory of the great Julius. Further, the emphasis given to the memorial character of the foundation by the addition of the prefix *pietas*, might indicate, for the foundation of the city, the earlier part of this period, near to Cæsar's death, perhaps the years just after 42 to 39 B. C., when Asinius Pollio was reconquering the country for Augustus. It may be then, *i. e.*, in the disbanding after Philippi, that Sergius brought here the veterans of the Twenty-ninth Legion rather than after the battle of Actium, and became chief magistrate of the new *colonia deducta*. As for the *exact* date of the arch, it is a well known fact that shortly after 27 B. C., when Augustus had worked out a permanent constitution for the empire, making him absolute ruler, the statecraft of the new régime required the recognition of the divine transcendency of the Emperor, and the dedication to him alone of all public monuments, especially such records of the establishment of Roman civic rule as these arches. After this time no dedications of public buildings to private individuals were permitted by law: such arches as those of the Sergii at Pola, the Gavii at Verona, the Julii at S. Remy, and the Campani at Aix-les-Bains, are therefore all earlier in date. History and politics are the indispensable illuminators of archæology. For these reasons Graef's ascription of this Pola arch to the age of Trajan is a simple impossibility. Even artistically he proved to be wrong, for the exquisite scroll-decoration of the inside pilasters is purely Augustan, as is every other feature.

For some reason which we cannot now understand this arch was placed not outside the walls, on the *pomœrium* line, but inside the main city gate, the triple arched, so-called Porta Minervia. It may have been moved here from outside the walls to preserve it, at the time of some barbarian invasion. It was made to form the inner face of the court of this gateway. Only from old lithographs and prints can we understand this arrangement, for the ignorant "archæologist," who undertook the early restorations at Pola, in 1826, thought the Augustan city gate was mediæval and tore it down. It must have been the Porta Prætoria of the original colony, and its keystone had the bust of the protecting goddess of the city, whom the local archæologists dubbed Minerva. Fortunately, several other primitive city gates remain: the simple, single-arched Porta Herculea, with the youthful, heroic head and greaves on the keystone; the more architectural, double-arched Porta Gemina, and a small gateway leading to the Forum, or Capitolium, of the Augustan city. The Porta Herculea is built with so extraordinary a diagonal archway that it is quite evident the road, the limits, and shape of the city had been determined before its construction, as was the case, for instance, with one of the gates at Pompeii. In the interesting congeries of fragments inside and around the temple of Augustus, which has been transformed into a Roman museum, there are several sections of friezes that belonged to architectural monuments of a triumphal character. One series hints at another arch like that of the Sergii, with its frieze of arms and armor, its vessel's prow and oar, pointing in the same fashion as it does to both naval and military victories, such as were those of Augustus over Antony. Another section of frieze, divided into triglyphs and metopes, has in each metope a group of arms or armor, some of Gallic character.

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All this accentuates the military character of the city's founders.

The temple itself, dedicated to Rome and Augustus, is still a splendid specimen of Augustan art. Originally it was a double temple of the type familiar from monuments of a later date, in different colonies of the Roman world. The two stood side by side in a sacred inclosure, with a space between them, and represented the imperial equivalent of the Roman Capitolium, the worship of Dea Roma, and of Augustus, the viceroy of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. Old prints show how much more remained over a century ago. One of the façades is still superbly intact, with four very high Corinthian columns supporting the gable, and two others at the ends, in front of the *antæ*, forming the customary deep Roman portico. If so much still remains of Pola, it is because, when the engineers of Napoleon I. visited it and pronounced it the greatest military harbor of the Adriatic, it was practically an abandoned town, with a few hundred inhabitants, and had been so since the close of the Middle Ages. Whatever devastation has been wrought has been in about a century.

Pola was at the tip end of the Istrian Peninsula. If we pass eastward, we find at the point where Istria melts into the long line of the Dalmatian coast, Fiume, which occupies, at the head of Quarnero Bay, a corresponding place to that taken by Trieste on the other (western) edge of the peninsula. That it was a port and a colony in Augustan times, would appear from the only standing relic of the ancient city, a much mutilated arch facing the bay, which in its lines speaks of an Augustan origin, as the city gate facing the port, though not the colony arch.

Passing southward along the Dalmatian coast, we come to Zara, about half-way between Fiume and Salona. The Roman city here was called Iader. At present the mediæval city, with its unique Byzantine domical church of S. Donato and its florid Romanesque cathedral, rather overpowers the Roman remains, but I was able to find enough data to reconstitute some part of the Augustan Iader. Long before the time of Augustus there had been here a considerable settlement of Italian traders. Augustus gave it city rights and built its walls, with the towers and gates. At each of the main gates was the following inscription: "Imp. Cæsar. Divi. f. Augustus parens. coloniæ murum (et) turres dedit." Several points in this inscription indicate a very early date: the absence of tribunician and consular notations, and the title of *parens coloniæ*, "patron of the city." One of these inscriptions was carried away from Zara some centuries ago; strayed to Venice in 1721, was bought by the famous Maffei, and is now in his collection in the Museum of Verona. A second one is in the museum of S. Donato, in Zara itself. The gates themselves have disappeared, and only false hopes are excited by a so-called Roman arch called Arch of Bassus, a bubble I am forced to prick, for it is a medley of pieces put together in the Renaissance, the old inscription belonging to the entrance of the market-place built out of funds left by Melia Anniana, and in honor of her husband, Sergius Bassus.

I am glad to be able, quite unexpectedly, to resurrect the real Colony Arch of the Augustan City, with the help of information furnished me by Prof. Smirich, who was present when its ruins were excavated in 1884, but who did not realize the significance of the arch. It stood, facing toward the northeast, on the landward side of the city, in a little square near the present Church of S. Simone, close to the ruins of a temple. The excavations were not carried down so far as the original level, which is eight or nine feet below the present street level, but far enough to show the plan and style of the arch, part of which was, however, hidden under the wall of a house. After drawings had been made, and a few architectural fragments removed, the excavation was filled in. The arch was triple, the two central piers being decorated with two engaged shafts, while the two outer piers had but a single shaft in the centre of a very narrow face of masonry. The central piers, with their two shafts so closely spaced as to make any sculpture between them impossible, are almost exactly of the proportions of the arch of the Sergii at Pola. The main central arch was surmounted by a gable, as is so commonly the case in other Augustan arches, and the crowning cornice was both rich and exquisite. All the ear-marks are Augustan; the masonry, of very fine local Meleda stone, is extremely careful and close jointed. In the Constantinian era the fortifications of Zara were renovated, as were those of Salona, with the use of the typical wedge-shaped towers, and the arch was then brought into connection with the fortifications, if not before. It would be interesting to reopen the trench, make a careful survey, and extract more of the architecture. The pieces now in the museum of S. Donato are of excellent workmanship.

This is not the only Augustan work at Zara. The Byzantine church of S. Donato, now the museum, was built on a mass of ruins, probably of the Forum and its Capitolium. Some of them are Augustan in character, including a famous inscription to Livia as Juno, but there is nothing left *in situ* above ground. We can only conjecture that to these buildings belonged a couple of columns still standing in the town squares.

Other sites probably would yield Augustan remains—Narona, Burnum, Andetrium, Corinium, Delminium, Epitaurum, Emona. But there has been no activity on the part of the Austrian Government in uncovering their ruins. Only in one case, I believe, at Asseria, were regular excavations of any importance begun, and of these I shall speak in my next article.

A. L. Frothingham.

Princeton, N. J.

Correspondence.

BURGUNDIAN RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a matter of common knowledge that some of the Germanic tribes—the Goths, the Scandinavians, the Frisians, and the English—made use of letters called runes, before they adopted the Roman letters. There have also been found in Germany and the country to the east a number of runic inscriptions, mostly on pieces of jewelry; but the attempts that have been made to read German on them have been anything but successful. As I had reason to disbelieve the usual supposition that the runic alphabet was a common possession of the Germanic race, a possession which had gradually spread northward through the territory of the South German tribes, I found it necessary to explain the so-called German runic inscriptions. These fall into two classes. To the first belong those on a spearhead, a gold ring, and several gold bracteates (ornaments resembling coins) found in North Germany at different points not far from the Baltic. These are all obviously Scandinavian in workmanship and speech, and may be dismissed at once. The remaining objects that concern us consist of a dozen fibulas, or brooches, found at various places in western Hungary, southern Germany, and eastern France.

As most of these fibulas show a remarkable resemblance in form and ornament, reflecting Northern traditions, and as the runes employed have certain peculiarities in common, I concluded that they must have been introduced by one of the Northern tribes during the great migrations. I therefore mapped out the places where the finds were made. Drawing a line through these, I observed that it coincided with the route taken by the Burgundians in their successive migrations from near the Baltic into France. We first come upon the Burgundians settled, roughly speaking, in what is now Posen and eastern Brandenburg, with the Goths and the Vandals to the east and the south of them. By the third century of our era, the Burgundians had migrated to the middle Danube. Toward the end of the century they ascended the stream and settled in the territory northwest of a line drawn through Augsburg and Regensburg. At the opening of the fifth century they passed down the Main and established the famous but short-lived kingdom that had Worms as its capital. After the destruction of Worms by the Huns in 437, some of the Burgundians remained, and were gradually absorbed by their West Germanic neighbors; but portions of the tribe passed west and south into France, where they gradually gave up their Germanic speech, and, as the nucleus of successive Burgundian realms, played an important part in the history of Europe. The objects upon which the runes are inscribed were found in the following localities: (1) Bezenye, near Pressburg, east of Vienna; (2) Nordendorf, north of Augsburg; (3) Osthofen, north of Worms; Freilaubersheim, between Osthofen and Kreuznach; Friedberg, north of Frankfort; Ems, east of Coblenz; Engers, north of Coblenz; (4) Charnay, in Burgundy. There is also an isolated fibula, resembling the one from Osthofen, that was found at Balingen, near the source of the Danube. The fibula found in Burgundy has generally been supposed to be of Burgundian origin. Considering the geographical position of the other finds and the various evidences they betray of common origin, I came to the conclusion that all the inscriptions were Burgundian and were deposited in the graves, in which they were later discovered, when the Burgundians dwelt in these four localities. This fits exactly and makes more specific the results of Salin's recent study of the fibulas from the point of view of form and ornament. For Salin decides that they be-

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tray Northern influence, and comes to the conclusion that the same movement that introduced Northern craftsmanship into southern Germany also introduced the runes into those parts.

I confided my theory at the time (five or six years ago) to various scholars, but it was not until recently that I found leisure to test it. It then turned out that the evidence corroborated the theory. While the inscriptions could not be successfully read as German, that idea once abandoned it was comparatively easy to read those that are not severely mutilated. The language in which they are written is Germanic, but it is not any one of the Germanic languages thus far known, as I shall show in detail in philological journals, with the aid of facsimiles provided by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Here it will suffice for me to point out the value of the inscriptions. Hitherto our ideas of Burgundian speech have been based almost entirely on what could be inferred from Burgundian proper names, which have come down to us in doubtful and misleading spelling, always open to the suspicion of Latin, Gothic, or German influence. We now have a small number of brief inscriptions giving real sentences. From these it has been possible to get such a picture of Burgundian speech as enables us to understand its relation to other Germanic languages. We know that the Burgundians were regarded as closely akin to the Vandals and the Goths. We have therefore classed them all as East Germanic, though we have known the language of the Goths only. It is now clear that this grouping must be abandoned. For, while Burgundian does resemble Gothic, it betrays more decided affinity with North Germanic (or Scandinavian) on the one hand, and with West Germanic (English, Frisian, Dutch, and German) on the other. The details I need not cite here. Moreover, not only in the language itself, but also in the forms of the runes, does Burgundian show affinity with Anglo-Frisian. For example, it harmonizes with the latter group in preserving the old Greek doubly crossed *H*, which those scholars that regard the runes as derived from some Latin or Greek alphabet of the second or third century of our era have tried to explain away as a late modification of the simpler form. The relation of Burgundian to the other Germanic languages seems therefore to have been a central one, which may be represented in some such way as this:

North Germanic.

West Germanic — Burgundian — East Germanic

These facts are best understood if we suppose that the Burgundians, who are reputed to have come to Germany from the island of Bornholm, lying between Sweden and Germany, at one time lived still nearer the Anglo-Frisians, for example, on one or more of the other Danish islands, or in Jutland itself.

The Burgundian inscriptions throw new light on still other questions. Taking as a basis of judgment the character of the other objects found in the graves, it has been customary to date the finds too late. For example, those made at Nordendorf, north of Augsburg, are classed as Merovingian, and so put down as of the sixth to the eighth century, and this in the face of the fact that the latest coins unearthed are those of Valentinianus, Valens, and Gratianus, who died in 375, 378, 383 respectively. While it is true that we must be cautious in using coins as the basis of a latest date, there is here no reason to ignore a remarkable agreement between archæological and historical evidence. The sudden cessation of Roman coins is explained by the fact that the Burgundians left this district a few years later. It is therefore clear that there is an error of some magnitude in the dating of archæological finds of the character involved, which will be corrected now that we know that those made at Nordendorf cannot be later than the very beginning of the fifth century. It is not improbable that the Burgundians were the very agents that introduced into western Europe some of those elements that we later recognize under the name of Merovingian.

Questions of Germanic mythology are also involved. One of the Nordendorf fibulas contains the name of the god *Thonar*, with the dative *Thore*. The latter form was not recognized, as it could not be made into German. But the former was explained as an early form of German *Donner* and this was greeted as proof of the worship of this god by the South Germans, of which we have no other record. The discovery of the Burgundian origin of the fibula invalidates even this supposed evidence. Moreover, as there could be no possibility of ascribing the worship of Loki to the Germans, the form *Loga* was not understood as the dative of *Logo*, Icelandic *Logi*. The spelling with *g*, rather than *k*, is of importance, as it settles in the affirmative the dispute as to whether this god was originally a god of fire, later differentiated into two, Logi and Loki. Here Logo, Thonar, and Wothan, or, with Icelandic forms, Loki, Thonar or Thor, and Othin, appear in their well-known function of gods of the lower world. The inscriptions are mostly on gifts, some made during the lifetime of the recipient, some as offerings to the dead. Taken all in all, they furnish glimpses of the thoughts and feelings of this early Germanic people that appeal to our common human sympathies in an unexpected way. GEORGE HEMPL.

Stanford University, March 20.

MODERN ITALIAN CRITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: With increasing impatience do I observe the attitude of indifference that borders upon contempt on the part of latter-day critics who have occasion to speak of modern Italian literature. It is particularly noticeable in academic circles that praise is lavished with greater or less indiscriminate generosity upon the literary work of nearly all contemporary writers save those of Italy. For this reason it gratifies an enthusiastic student of this relatively unexplored, almost despised field, to read in your issue of April 16 your reviewer's comments upon Benedetto Croce's new edition of De Sanctis's work on Petrarch. All that the reviewer says is distinctly apposite. And yet one ought not to be set down as a regionalistic hero-worshipper if he suggests that a word more may profitably be added to your reviewer's summary.

Illuminating and sound as are the pages which De Sanctis devoted to the great humanist, one cannot help calling attention to a few of the other volumes which serve to give Italy a legitimate standing among lovers of modern literature and of pertinent criticism. De Sanctis was, first of all, a man and a patriot, whose good fortune it was to live in an atmosphere so charged with chivalrous efforts and accomplishments that, as the late Prof. F. J. Child once remarked, had the Risorgimento revolutionists lived two thousand years ago their names and deeds would have become no less immortal and proverbial than those of the heroes of Thermopylæ and Marathon. De Sanctis was endowed with the qualities of a true critic. Common sense, an unflinching adherence to lofty ideals, coupled with a rare shrewdness of judgment, the sensitive taste and delicate perceptions instinctive in scholars of Latin countries—these traits are evidenced throughout the large volume of his writings. One grows to overlook his dogmatic tone because of the compelling sincerity of the man and his marked and refreshing freedom from the fetters of technical cant. Chock-full of healthy, robust sentiment, he is a scathing enemy of the sentimentalizing with which some of his fellow critics can justly be charged. Roughshod, he advances without preamble into the very heart of his subject, with a force and intensity and sureness which convince the reader. And the same vigor of mind which we find at work in his voluminous studies of Italian nineteenth century literature we see perpetuated in such of his pupils as Benedetto Croce and the Dante scholar, Prof. Francesco Torraca. Besides the very positive value which his writings possess for us, we ought not to forget that both directly and indirectly his influence has been and will continue to be felt longer and more potently than that of any of the other scholar-patriots, among whom meridional Italy proudly numbers the two Poerios and Settembrini the elder. T. D. B.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 17.

"MOUSSE" IN THE OXFORD DICTIONARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: We are so accustomed to the plenitude and exactitude of the great Oxford Dictionary that any shortcoming, however slight, disconcerts us. My attention has been called to the article "Mousse," in the part for April, just received. Here we get half-a-dozen quotations, but no definition of the word. Most of us, fortunately, know the thing when we see and taste it. Yet Dr. Bradley should have enlightened the unenlightened. "Mousse" is merely a variety of "ice cream," with this difference: whereas in the ordinary "ice cream" the cream is frozen in its normal liquid state, in "mousse" it is first whipped. J. M. H.

Ithaca, April 11.

GOVERNMENTAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: The true inwardness of our political, or, at any rate, financial, methods is revealed in a report which comes from Washington. It is that the President has inti-

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mated to Congress that unless it gives him the money for four battleships, he will veto the bill for public buildings, twenty millions, about the equivalent amount, thus depriving members of the means of bribing their local constituents. The whole system may be expressed in one word—"trading." It is not based upon the public interest, but upon a combination of private and party interests playing for support into each other's hands.

It follows from this that expenditure is not calculated with reference to income, but independently of it. Thus far the tariff has been so enormously productive that unlimited extravagance, both of Executive and Congress, could hardly keep up with it. In fact, the protected interests are applying the spur in this direction also. Any serious attempt at tariff reform might furnish some fresh illustrations. The result of this reckless method of appropriation may be well shown in a statement written some ten years ago by Henry J. Ford in "Rise and Growth of American Politics":

> In its final development the committee system has completely destroyed the control of the houses over the national finances. Down to the year 1865 something of the nature of a budget existed, from the fact that all revenue and all appropriation bills were referred to the Ways and Means Committee. All the great revenue measures and all the vast appropriations required by the civil war were reported by that committee. But in 1865 the Committee on Appropriations was created, and that branch of legislative business was transferred to it from the Ways and Means Committee. In 1885 the wholesale distribution of the powers of the Appropriations Committee among other committees took place. But six of the fourteen great annual appropriation bills remained in charge of the Committee on Appropriations, the remaining appropriation bills, eight in number, being turned over to seven other committees. Mr. Randall, who was chairman of the Appropriations Committee when its powers were thus mutilated, told the House at the time: "You will enter upon a path of extravagance you cannot foresee the length of or the depth of, until we find the treasury of the country bankrupt." In ten years his prediction was fulfilled. The distribution of the appropriations made just so many additional points upon which local interests could mass their demands. The total appropriations (exclusive of pensions) for the decade 1887-96, as compared with the decade 1877-1886, show an increase of $688,489,376. All sense of proportion between income and expenditure has been lost. The Fifty-third Congress, though well aware that the revenues of the government were inadequate to meet such an expenditure, voted appropriations amounting to $989,239,205. The Fifty-fourth Congress, without having done anything to increase the revenue, increased the appropriations to over one billion of dollars.

It seems probable that the Sixtieth Congress will come very near that amount in a single session.

It is a very striking fact that the same conditions, in effect, prevail in every State and every city in the Union. The uniformity of the symptoms of disease point to a uniformity of remedy. There is one, and one only, adequate to the case: that in each instance the finances, as a whole, shall be placed in the hands of a single head of department, appointed by the Chief Executive, President, Governor, or Mayor; that he shall make up a budget at the beginning of the year, taking account first of revenue, and adjusting to it the different branches of expenditure; that he shall explain it in open session of the Legislature, subject to criticism and discussion, but leaving to that body no power of increasing any appropriations without his formal assent.

It may be said that cannot be done. Then we must be prepared to meet the only other alternative. In private affairs, progressive disorder in finance leads to bankruptcy, in public affairs to revolution. It needs no great foresight to point out that the broad road on which we are now advancing leads, if not to destruction, at least to serious disaster.

G. BRADFORD.

Boston, April 13.

MR. TAFT'S DUTIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you kindly inform a matter-of-fact person, who has a Puritan's notion that every man, whether public or private, ought to give an equivalent for his wages, how much time a Cabinet officer may properly devote to his private affairs? I ask the question because I have got the impression, no doubt erroneous, that our present Secretary of War, Mr. Taft, is absent from Washington a great part of the year. Except Buffalo Bill, in the most peripatetic period of the Wild West Show, I doubt whether any American of our generation has trotted the globe so assiduously as Mr. Taft. Occasionally, some government excuse is suggested; as when he went to Manila last autumn, but even that could hardly justify his return through Asia and Europe at an unnecessary increase of expense for travel and of time off from his desk. During the last month or so he has been continually on the go, in pursuit of delegates to vote for him at the Republican Convention.

Do you know, Mr. Editor, whether he returns to the government part of his salary, pro rata, for the weeks and months when he is gadding about on his private business? He was hired, on President Roosevelt's recommendation, to do certain work for Uncle Sam. Plain people, like my neighbors and myself, do not quite see that he is living up to his part of the contract. Nor do we see how, if he skimps and shirks and malingers on this job, he is proving himself fit for the much bigger job of President. The Good Book, which is still read and believed down here, tells us that we should be faithful over a few things if we would be promoted to the management of many things. Of course, every secretary ought to have a vacation, but there must be some limit to its length. If a man's own sense of propriety doesn't suggest to him that he is taking too much, the President or Congress might make some rule. Possibly Mr. Taft quiets his conscience—which, I am told, is a very rare appendage among Ohio office-holders—by reflecting that his services are worth much more than the paltry $12,000 a year which Uncle Sam pays him for them; and that therefore he feels justified in spending three-fourths of his time electioneering for himself. But this is a very dangerous sort of reasoning. Secretary Root, it has been said, could make $300,000 a year as counsel for the predatory corporations in New York; this would be about a thousand dollars a day for working days. Now, if he had the idea that he was hired by Uncle Sam at his New York rates, he need sit at his desk in the State Department only twelve days a year. Mr. Root certainly has done much better than that, even in the season when he undertook his hippodroming junket round Cape Horn.

The voters at Plymouth Rock Crossroads have heard so much about Mr. Taft's virtues that they are puzzled to see him running away from his job most of the time. Last fall, in the cranberry season, Deacon Alden hired a man to pick for a week; but from Monday morning till Saturday noon he didn't turn up. Then he explained he had been away trying to get himself elected hog-reeve; but he claimed a full week's pay. The deacon didn't pay him, but Uncle Sam does pay Mr. Taft, although we old fogeys here can't see any great difference between his case and that of our would-be hog-reeve. Will you please enlighten us?

PEREGRINE MULLINS.

Plymouth Rock Crossroads, April 19.

"THE CAMPAIGN OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The review of my "Campaign of Santiago de Cuba" in your issue of February 27 has greatly disappointed me, and is, in my opinion, very unfair. Unfair because the reviewer tortures the text of the history into meaning what it does not mean, and what a careful reading will show it was never intended to mean; and because, with reference to certain matters in the text, he makes statements that are erroneous.

The reviewer says:

> The judicial spirit of the historian is lacking. Thus, in his survey of the causes leading up to the struggle, he boldly assumes not only that the blowing up of the Maine necessitated the war, but that "the American people and their representatives in Congress believed that Spanish officials were responsible for the destruction of the Maine, and they were determined that Spain should atone for the act and that her rule in Cuba should end." Even those who think our war in Cuba a holy crusade should protest against this attributing to the bulk of the people that moblike thirst for blood, that low spirit of revenge, which was actually confined to a few yellow journals and hysterical persons.

In the first place, I do not say, nor do I believe, that "the blowing up of the Maine necessitated the war." After describing the unsatisfactory situation in Cuba and the strained relations between the United States and Spain, I follow with this paragraph:

> Such, in brief, was the situation when, on the night of February 15, 1898, the blowing up of the United States battleship Maine in Havana harbor suddenly brought matters to a crisis. This act meant war between the United States and Spain. It meant the destruction of Spanish power in the West India Islands. It meant, for the Cuban people, the dawn of a new era and the realization of hopes long deferred.

Now, in this paragraph, I simply glance into the future; knowing actualities, I state them as a sort of prophecy. I do not mean to state, and do not state, that "the blowing up of the Maine necessitated the war." To substitute the word "necessitate" for "meant," as the reviewer has done, gives an erroneous impression of my opinion.

As to the statement that "the American people and their representatives in Congress

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believed that Spanish officials were responsible for the destruction of the Maine, and they were determined that Spain should atone for the act and that her rule in Cuba should end," the very course of matters proves that the statement is true. But I submit that to censure the writer for "attributing to the bulk of the people that moblike thirst for blood, that low spirit of revenge, which was actually confined to a few yellow journals and hysterical persons" because of this statement is eminently unfair. I would add that there cannot be found a line or a word in my history which would indicate that I believe that the Spaniards blew up the Maine, nor can there be found a line or a word in it which would indicate that I thought the United States was justified in making war upon Spain. These matters I did not, could not, discuss. Yet to read the review in the *Nation*, ninety-nine men out of a hundred who had not read my book would get the impression that I was one of those who think "our war in Cuba was a holy crusade."

Again, the reviewer says:

Nevertheless, many of Capt. Sargent's professional comments, which follow each chapter, are admirable, as, for instance, his pointing out the mistakes of the Spanish commanders in their efforts to end the Cuban revolution from 1896 on. But when we find no comment whatever on Gen. Shafter's famous and inexcusable dispatch of July 3, "I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles," our faith in Capt. Sargent's desire to write in a really non-partisan spirit is much shaken.

Now, I clearly pointed out that Gen. Shafter did not withdraw, even though he stated he was seriously considering withdrawal. In Vol. II., p. 134, I state that Shafter, after receiving the dispatch of the Secretary of War, suggesting that it would be much better to hold his present position, if possible, replied: "I shall hold my present position." Surely an unprejudiced reviewer should not expect an unprejudiced historian to criticise and censure the commander of an army for simply contemplating the doing of a wrong thing, when, after due consideration, he went ahead and did the right thing. It seems to me that it would have been more in accordance with justice, and more to the credit of the reviewer, had he praised Gen. Shafter for doing the right thing, and especially so since he did it against the advice of several very able officers.

In reply to the statement of the reviewer that "we find no comment whatever on Gen. Shafter's famous and inexcusable dispatch of July 3," I cite pp. 160 and 161 of Vol. II., where there will be found more than a page of comment on this very point. It is in part as follows:

Gen. Shafter, in finally deciding to maintain his position on San Juan Heights, after being strongly urged by a number of high-ranking officers to withdraw his troops to the high ground between San Juan River and Siboney, on account of the thinness of his lines, and the difficulty of sending provisions to the front, showed excellent judgment. First, because it was very improbable that the Spaniards would take the offensive, since from time immemorial they have been wedded to defensive fighting, and have seldom had the enterprise and energy to assume the offensive either tactically or strategically. . . . Secondly, because the American line, though it looked to be weak, could have held its position on the defensive against any force the Spanish commander could have brought against it; for, had he taken the offensive with all the troops at Santiago, and been reinforced by Escario's column, which arrived on July 3, his attacking forces would not even then have outnumbered the defenders.

The reviewer also says:

In treating the details of the battle before Santiago, Capt. Sargent holds that the raising of the American balloon, and moving it along the road which the American troops were following to San Juan, was a costly blunder. In support of this he cites the opinion of that eminent military critic, Richard Harding Davis, and of the chief of the Signal Corps, Gen. A. W. Greely. To be just to Lieut.-Col. Derby, the able engineer, and officer responsible for the raising of the balloon, a really scientific historian would have presented this side.

The answer to this criticism is that nowhere in my history do I hold Lieut.-Col. Derby responsible for this blunder. On the contrary, I distinctly hold Gen. Shafter resonsible, and so state on pages 152 and 158 of Vol. II., in these plain and unmistakable words:

It has already been pointed out that Gen. Shafter's faulty plan of battle was the cause of misunderstanding and delay at San Juan, and compelled him to fight the battle with less than two-thirds the number of troops he had originally intended to bring on the battlefield. But this was not the only tactical error that he made at San Juan. It was a serious and costly mistake to move the balloon down the road along which the troops were advancing; for this movement not only revealed the precise line of American advance, but attracted a heavy fire, which caused much loss.

And, furthermore, not only do I not hold Lieut.-Col. Derby responsible, but I clearly point out, on page 113, of Vol. II., the valuable discovery made from the balloon by him of the trail "which, from a point of the main road just opposite the mouth of Las Guamas Creek, leads to the left and crosses the San Juan River, just below the mouth of the Aguadores."

As to my judgment of the efficiency and ability of Gens. Corbin and Shafter, I have given the facts in the text upon which the judgment was based. These facts speak for themselves. I admit that when I began the study of the campaign, some seven years ago, I, too, like the reviewer, had not a high opinion of Gen. Shafter's ability; but the deeper I studied the campaign the more convinced I became that he was deserving of much greater praise than had been accorded him. Being a very large man, and being sick on the day of battle, he could not ride a horse about the battlefield, consequently, he was unable to find out and see for himself many things which he ought to have found out, and seen. But notwithstanding all this, he accomplished, under the most unfavorable conditions, exactly what he was sent to do. Men must be judged largely by the results accomplished, not by the blunders made.

H. H. SARGENT,
Capt. Second Cavalry.

Fort Des Moines, Ia., March 31.

"PARAGUAY ON SHANNON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the notice (*Nation* of March 19) of "Paraguay on Shannon," by F. H. O'Donnell, you refer to "the unparalleled increase of the clerical population" in Ireland, and the monopoly by the priesthood "of every post and profession in public and private life to which an emolument is attached and from which a layman can be excluded." The latter statement is unmeaning, for the Catholic clergy hold no public salaried posts, except as chaplains to workhouses and such institutions, and are not eligible for any.

With regard to the number of Catholic clergy in Ireland it is implied that they are excessive. What standard should be taken as to the number required? We can only compare their numbers with those of the clergy of other denominations. In Ireland—though not in England—the census records the religion of the people as well as their occupations, etc. Taking the Episcopal Church as a standard, there is a parson to every 359 Episcopalians, while the proportion of Catholic clergy, parish priests and curates is 1 to 891. Among the Presbyterians, Methodists, and other denominations the proportion of ministers is 1 to 509. According to the theories of these different religions the Catholics should require a larger proportion of clergy, as they are more dependent on the services of their clergy than others, especially in the matter of "sick calls," which must be strictly attended to by Catholic priests, involving frequent night journeys and travelling long distances in wild and mountainous districts. The comparison made with the numbers of priests and bishops in Belgium is also quite misleading. Belgium is one-third the size of Ireland, and the means of communication are quite three times those available in Ireland. There are 2,350 Catholic churches in Ireland, 5,970 in Belgium.

Your note also refers to the "Ribbon" organization being controlled by the priests. There is no such organization in Ireland. The Ribbon Society was a secret organization now extinct. It was under the severest ban of the Catholic Church, as were all secret societies. Mr. O'Donnell's nickname for the United Irish League, practically the trade union of Irish farmers, seems to be given for the purpose of disparaging a movement about which there is no secrecy whatever, which some bishops and priests support, while others do not. It is entirely a lay managed society.

MURROUGH O'BRIEN.

Killiney, March 27.

[Mr. O'Brien's quarrel is with the author of the book, not with our note. As with many volumes of this kind, we attempted nothing more than the briefest possible statement of the contents of the work and its general aim. The phrase about the monopoly of posts and professions was quoted directly.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Prof. Charles W. Colby has prepared a series of lectures on "Canadian Types of the Old Régime," in anticipation of the Chamberlain celebration in July. They will be published in book form by Henry Holt & Co. at an early date.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish immediately a collection of addresses and editorials, called "People and Problems," by Dr. Fabian Franklin. The work marks the termination of Dr. Franklin's editorial control of

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the Baltimore *News*, which he assumed in 1895.

George W. Jacobs & Co. will soon bring out two sporting books, one, "The Complete Lawn Tennis Player," by A. Wallis Myers, the other, "Advanced Golf," by James Braid.

James Fitzmaurice-Kelly will enlarge his lectures on Spanish literature recently delivered in this country, and publish them in book form.

At last Sir Walter Besant's great work is finished—one wonders how and by whom. This spring the Macmillan Company will issue the sixth volume of his "Survey of London," which deals with the city of Roman, Saxon, and Norman times.

The first two volumes of Frowde's eighteen-pence edition of Dickens's works contain the "Pickwick Papers" and "Barnaby Rudge." The original illustrations are reproduced, and the edition generally will find favor with those who do not object to thin paper.

Volumes VII. and VIII. of the New York Edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" (Charles Scribner's Sons) contain "The Tragic Muse." The preface, in which Mr. James criticises his own work, is somewhat less interesting than the earlier prefaces in this edition. The idea of the book, he tells us, was to present "a picture of some of the personal consequences of the art-appetite raised to intensity, swollen to voracity." Stevenson, as Mr. James confesses, wrote to him "precisely on the occasion of 'The Tragic Muse,' that he was at a loss to conceive how one could find an interest in anything so vulgar or pretend to gather fruit in so scrubby an orchard." As for the characterization of Miriam Rooth, Mr. James also confesses that Anatole France "has 'done the actress,' as well as the actor, done above all the mountebank, the mummer, and the *cabotin*, and mixed them up with the queer theatric air, in a manner that practically warns all other hands off the material forever."

Volumes XI. and XII. of Björnson's Novels, edited by Edmund Gosse and published by the Macmillan Company, contain "The Heritage of the Kurts." The translator is Cecil Fairfax.

A second edition of Prof. J. E. Spingarn's "History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance" is now isued by the Columbia University Press. All specific inaccuracies brought to the author's notice have been corrected, and a concluding chapter is added, taken in part from his "Origins of Modern Criticism" first published in *Modern Philology* for April, 1904.

"Limbo and Other Essays," by Vernon Lee, first issued in 1897, now appears in a new edition by John Lane Co., with the addition of "Ariadne in Mantua." This is a little play in which the forces of Tradition, Discipline, and Civilization "triumph over the mere forces of Nature." It is a closet drama, and the action is improbable; nevertheless it rises to a moving, even pathetic, climax.

Nietzsche's "Human, All Too Human," translated by Alexander Harvey, is issued in the Socialist library of Charles H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago. One wonders what the Superman is doing in that dovecote of brotherly love. Other recent volumes in that library are Arthur M. Lewis's "Evolution, Social and Organic," and a fourth printing of Wilhelm Liebknecht's "Karl Marx, Biographical Memoirs," translated by Ernest Untermann.

"Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" for 1908 comes to us from The Scientific Press, Limited, of London, with its usual lists and its analysis of the ways and fluctuations of charitable giving. Dr. S. S. Goldwater was unable this year to contribute a chapter on hospital affairs in this country.

Dr. Henry Bradley—already responsible for part of the third (D-E), the whole of the fourth (F-G), and the letter L in the sixth volume of the "New English Dictionary"—has contributed punctually on April 1 the penultimate section of M in the same volume (Henry Frowde.) Dr. Bradley's next issue, announced for the first of July, will finish M, and bring to a conclusion the whole sixth volume (L—N), since Dr. Craigie, having finished N six months ago, has long been at work on the eighth volume (Q-S), of which a double section from him is announced for the first of next October. Meanwhile Dr. Murray, the editor-in-chief, is laboring toward the conclusion of volume VII. (O-P.) The present instalment of M, Monopoly to Movement, includes 1,347 main words, under which 500 special combinations and 786 subordinate entries range themselves. Nearly one-fifth of the main words are obsolete and rather more than one-tenth are either alien or not fully naturalized. Dr. Bradley here gives 11,808 illustrative quotations against 710 in the corresponding portion of Richardson. In contrast to the sections of P, recently issued by Dr. Murray, this section of M abounds in words of long standing and very frequent use. Hence their astonishing variety of senses and multitudinous derivatives and combinations. A very large proportion are either English or Romanic words. Greek derivatives are not numerous, being chiefly those beginning with Mono- and Morpho-, while American languages contribute only Moonack and Moose. New etymological evidence abounds especially under Mother sb2, Mope vb., Motley. In the last case several interesting suggestions are made, but no definite derivation is established.

The story of Empress Eugénie, as told by Phil. W. Sergeant in "The Last Empress of the French" (J. B. Lippincott Company), belongs to the class of biographies of which it is customary to say that they read like novels. In the case of the truly romantic career of this woman, no word can be more appropriate. Born in Granada on the day of an earthquake (May 5, 1826), the daughter a Spanish nobleman and of a mother of Scottish extraction, Eugénie de Montijo enjoyed a short and brilliant career as an international beauty, and then married, against all rules and precedents, a full-fledged sovereign, who carried his taste for *coups d'état* into affairs of the heart. For seventeen years she held her own on one of the most conspicuous and difficult thrones of Europe. Then, on a September afternoon, in 1870, she fled from the Tuileries through a back door, and, with the complicity of an American dentist and an English gentleman, went to England, where she has lived ever since, in exile and mourning. This dramatic story, in twenty chapters, with fourteen illustrations and an index, takes the ex-Empress to her eightieth birthday. It is written by a man who, without having a personal acquaintance with his heroine, seems to have read the essential literature on the subject, the Memoirs of Hohenlohe, the Letters of Queen Victoria, as well as the recollections of all the friends of the late Empress, including her reader and her dentist. The tone, while apologetic, is not partisan. With the documents at hand the reader may be, if he pleases, more severe than the biographer. He will recognize that Eugénie, with all her limitations, faults, and responsibilities, had some endearing qualities that have appealed to men and women whose opinion is worth while. At any rate, the biographer seems to us to have disposed of the legend of her personal responsibility in a war for which Bismarck and Grammont ought to share evenly the burden. There are few errors in this sensible and well-informed book. "Nantes" twice printed for "Mantes" is an unfortunate slip on page 376. As to the flippant reference to Mérimée on page 366, it has no excuse from one who has so thoroughly read Filon's work on that perfect gentleman of letters.

"The Battle of Gettysburg," by Frank Aretas Haskell, First Lieutenant of the Sixth Wisconsin Infantry, aide to Brig.-Gen. Gibbon, and colonel of the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. V., has been published in Boston under the auspices of the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts, Military Order of the Loyal Legion. The book is an account written a few days after the battle by one who, though only a staff officer, took so prominent a part that he was promoted from a lieutenancy to a colonelcy for his bravery. On the third day of the conflict he happened to be the only mounted man in the field, and, says Gen. F. A. Walker, "rode between the two lines, then swaying backward and forward under each other's fire, calling upon the men of the Second Division to follow him, and setting an example of valor and self-devotion, never forgotten by any man of the thousands who witnessed it." He is a master of good English, and his pictures of the scenes, tragic and at times humorous, of the three days' conflict and of the leading generals are very graphic. Particularly interesting is the description of the council of war held by Gen. Meade in the bedroom of a little farmhouse; and it would be difficult to find a more thrilling narrative than his account of the repulse of the final assault. Col. Haskell was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, and about fifteen years later, this story, written for his brother, was printed for private circulation. In 1898 it was reprinted in the history of the class of 1854, Dartmouth, of which he was a member. These editions were so small that they attracted little attention. It is now printed again "as an incentive to patriotic thought." It is a pamphlet of a hundred pages, with a portrait of the author and his plan of the position on the battlefield at noon July 2.

Many interesting glimpses into our past history are given in the fourth volume of the Bostonian Society Publications. In the paper on the New England Guards we have

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the account of an organization formed in 1812, according to its constitution, "to facilitate the performance of the duty we owe to our country, of adding to our character as citizens some portion of the skill of the soldier." So strong was this sense of duty that the company "died from patriotism," practically all of its active members having enlisted in the civil war. An interesting character who appears in this volume is Robert Orchard, apprenticed to a feltmaker in 1655. A photogravure of his indenture is given, in which he binds himself not to contract matrimony or "play at Cards, Dice, Tables, or any other unlawful games . . . nor haunt Tavernes or Play-houses." The account of his chequered career contains an incident showing the hatred of the Dutch of New Amsterdam for the English.

English historical students are gradually becoming rather deeply indebted to America for monographs on English institutions and phases of economic development. Among recent books of this class is Dr. George Randall Lewis's "The Stannaries: A Study of the English Tin Mines," in the Harvard Economic Studies (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Much well-directed research has gone into Dr. Lewis's work, and the subject is worthy of it; for, excepting agriculture and fishing, no British industry is older than tin mining in Devon and Cornwall, and none has a more interesting political, economic, and social history. Its political history centres about the connection of tin mining and tin smelting with the Crown—a connection that resulted near the end of the twelfth century in the appointment of a royal warden of the Stannaries, and a charter for the industry out of which grew the stannary courts and the Tinners' Parliaments. The economic history goes even further back. Dr. Lewis has concerned himself with every phase of the industry, and has carried the history down to the present time. His treatment of economic and social conditions in the tin mining counties is a distinct contribution to the social history of England—in some sections worthy of Green; while his book as a whole must for a long time to come be ranked as the standard work of reference in its field. The bibliography is especially commendable for its inclusiveness.

Prof. Arthur Lloyd of Tokio University reprints from the *Japan Mail*, as a little pamphlet entitled "My Burnt Book," a summary of his manuscript just destroyed by fire at the printer's. It was concerned with the Buddhism of China and Japan, the Mahâ-yâna, or Buddhism of the Greater Vehicle. The split into the Greater and Lesser Vehicle, he declares, began on the very day of the death of Buddha, whose long life (560-480 B. C.) was in part synchronous with the Jewish exile. It was the Northern Buddhists who were under foreign influences, and, from the time of Alexander (say 326), continuously so. Lloyd thinks that even Buddha himself may have drawn some of his ideas from the teachings of Hebrew prophets of the Captivity; and that Hellenistic influences are distinctly traceable in the Mahâ-yâna scriptures of the Hannya (Prajna or Wisdom) class. While so much is being claimed as to the indebtedness of Christianity to Buddhism, it is interesting to see the question attacked from a new point of view. The recent finds in Chinese Turkestan show to what very remote parts of Central Asia Greek influence extended. Lloyd has satisfied himself that Irenæus and Origen and other Greek Fathers were well acquainted with important aspects of Mahâ-yâna thought. It is to be hoped that the author will have the courage and strength to rewrite the essential parts of his burnt book.

We may add a noteworthy instance of accurate knowledge of Mahâ-yâna legend as shown in the patristic literature. In the Mahâ-yâna account of Buddha's birth (in the Lalita-vistara: not in the Southern account), it is said that he issued forth from his mother's right side; and, in entire agreement therewith, the miracle is represented time and again in the Greco-Buddhist sculptures of Gandhâra precisely as the Mahâ-yâna tells it. Now that learned Orientalist, St. Jerome, in his tractate against Jovinian, says that the Gymnosophists of India have a tradition that Buddas, the founder of their doctrine, was born from the side of a virgin. It is to be wished that some scholar who combines a competent knowledge of the Indian and the classical literatures may undertake a systematic study of them with reference to just such questions as the early relations of Buddhism and Christianity.

A second edition of the Gould Prize Essays, "Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared," edited by Dean M. W. Jacobus of Hartford Theological Seminary (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), includes elaborate appendices by the authors of the three essays, and also a composite bibliography covering the literature of the various versions and translations of the Old and New Testament and including works of introduction to the subject. The authors of the essays were somewhat overwhelmed by the mass of facts which they were supposed to include in a brief popular presentation of the subject, and their accounts are bewildering to the reader who is not at home in the history of Biblical translation. The large number of notes included in this edition do not serve to make the matter clearer, although they supply a considerable amount of interesting and important information. The bibliography, however, compiled by Dr. William John Chapman of the Case Memorial Library, from material supplied by the authors of the essays, is a valuable piece of work.

The proceedings of the Fourth International Council of Religious Liberals held at Boston last September have been published under the title "Freedom and Fellowship in Religion" (Boston: The International Council). This volume, of over 600 pages, has been edited by Charles W. Wendte. It contains some noteworthy addresses, especially by delegates from European countries, of whom there were a large number. Papers by several distinguished scholars and religious leaders who could not be present, including Dr. Rudolf Eucken, are included, and the volume is a useful source of information as to the progress of religious thought and toleration throughout the world.

"Katholizismus und Protestantismus in Geschichte, Religion, Politik, und Kultur" is a comparative estimate, just published for Prof. Karl Sell of the University of Bonn, by Quelle & Meyer of Leipzig. It is a timely volume, particularly in view of the controversy over Modernism. The work closes with interesting supplements on the psychology of the two confessions, and on the future of Christianity.

Quelle & Meyer, Leipzig, have just issued a critical study by Prof. J. Meinhold of Bonn, entitled "Die Weisheit Israels in Spruch, Sage, und Dichtung." The first part deals with the character, time, and the specific religious thoughts of Proverbs, Job, Ecclesiastes, and Ecclesiasticus; the second half discusses the beginnings and the development of this wisdom literature, particularly in its relation to prophecy and to Christianity.

During the past winter a course of lectures was delivered in Munich to large audiences on the problems of Christianity. These lectures have now been published by Quelle & Meyer, Leipzig, under the title "Das Christentum, 5 Vorträge," by Prof. C. Cornill (Breslau), Prof. E. von Dobschütz (Strassburg), Prof. W. Herrmann (Marburg), Privatdozent W. Staeck (Jena), and Prof. E. Troeltsch (Heidelberg). The special subjects are "Israelitische Volksreligion und die Propheten," "Griechentum und Christentum," "Judentum und Hellenismus," "Luther und die moderne Welt," and "Die Religiöse Frage der Gegenwart."

Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen, announces as soon to be published [illegible]ikständiges Griechisch-deutsches Ha[illegible]buch zu den Schriften des Neuen Testaments und der urchristlichen Literatur," by Dr. Erwin Preuschen, one of the ablest pupils of Prof. Adolf Harnack. It is the author's purpose to enlarge the lexicon so as to include also the so-called New Testament Apocrypha, the Apostolic Fathers, and the remnants of the extra-canonical gospels, but not to include references to secular Greek literature or to the Greek of later church fathers; for such data belong rather to a thesaurus of vulgar Greek. The amount of new material in this field has been so much increased in the last decade or two, that not only Grimm's "Clavis" of thirty years ago, but even Thayer's excellent enlargement of his work in English, now leaves very much to be desired. The work of Preuschen will appear in instalments of 70 to 80 pages, large octavo. As the manuscript is practically all ready the publisher promises to complete the undertaking before the close of 1909.

"Das letzte Passamahl Christi und der Tag seines Todes," by Prof. D. A. Chvolson of St. Petersburg, a work which originally appeared in 1892 in defence of the agreement of John and the Synoptic gospels with reference to the day of the death of Christ, has now been issued (Leipzig: H. Haessel) in a new and thoroughly revised edition, with three new appendices.

Prof. Ludwig Ihmels of the theological faculty in Leipzig has added to his former popular pamphlets on Biblical problems a brochure, "Die Auferstehung Jesu Christi." Ihmels's larger work, "Die christliche Wahrheitsgewissheit," written from a conservative point of view, is to appear soon in a revised edition published by A. Deichert, Leipzig.

A new addition to the series published by

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C. F. Amelang, Leipzig, Litteraturen des Ostens, is the "Geschichte der indischen Litteratur," by Dr. M. Winternitz of the German University of Prague. The subjects of the first volume are "Der Veda" and "Die volkstümlichen Epen und die Puranas." The second volume is to appear within a twelvemonth. Another recent contribution to the series is the "Geschichte der christlichen Litteraturen des Orients," devoted to Syrian and Christian Arabian literature, by Prof. C. Brockelmann; Armenian literature, by Dr. Franz Nikolaus Finck; Coptic literature, by Dr. Johannes Leipoldt; and Ethiopic literature, by Prof. Enno Littmann.

In Bologna a commission has been organized to prepare a history of the venerable university at that place. The work will begin with a series of pamphlets issued periodically under the title Studi e memorie per la storia dell' università di Bologna. There will also be a volume called "Chartularium Universitatis Boloniensis."

By what has proved good fortune for students of the history of Italian unification, Alessandro Luzio spent several years of exile in Austria during his early career. That experience gave him an acquaintance with Austrian archives such as no other foreign student of this subject has had; and it enabled him to get Austrian records and the Austrian point of view, which he has made excellent use of in subsequent monographs. In old times the Hapsburg government never allowed the private documents concerning its proceedings in Lombardy and Venetia to be made public; and latterly it has destroyed many papers rather than risk having their contents divulged. It is particularly fortunate, therefore, that Signor Luzio in preparing his "I Martiri di Belfiore" (Milan: Cogliati) was able to consult sources which cannot now be recovered. His recent work, which is a *rifacimento* and completion of the first edition issued three years ago, gives what is likely to be the last word on one of the most tragic episodes of the Italian Risorgimento. He has overlooked no detail. He shows us the methods of some six score Mazzinian conspirators, their fortitude in prison, and the heroism of the eleven who died on the gallows; and he describes with convincing testimony the cruelty of Austria to her political prisoners, the mockery of her trials, and the delight in inflicting barbarous suffering which characterized so many of her officials. The Mantua Trials and the executions of 1853 would have roused the sympathy and horror of the world, if any of the prisoners who survived had had the literary skill of Silvio Pellico. But now this history lives in Signor Luzio's work, which is enriched by many letters, journals, and official documents. He has at last succeeded in establishing, apparently beyond all doubt, that Castellazzo betrayed his fellow conspirators. For fifty years Castellazzo's treachery has been hotly debated in Italy. Indeed, the discussion became national, and divided parties and Parliament into two irreconcilable camps; for Castellazzo changed his name, fought under Garibaldi, was elected a deputy, and passed for a radical patriot. In proving his guilt, Signor Luzio has performed a hard but salutary task.

The examination of Carducci's books and papers preliminary to their transfer to the library of Bologna, for which Queen Margherita purchased them, has just been completed. Among them is a large but incomplete collection of his verse. As might have been expected, the unpublished poems are found chiefly among his earlier work. There are differing versions of many of his more famous odes, many prose translations of Horace and Tibullus, and a few renderings of English and German poets. There are also preliminary studies of periods and authors, and entire courses of university lectures. The manuscript of the first lecture, which he gave in the University of Bologna (November 22, 1860) and which bears marks of his severe self-criticism, has peculiar interest. The letters include copies and drafts of his own letters, with autograph notes of biographical importance jotted down here and there, and a large correspondence with many illustrious men.

The Italian Geographical Society, whose headquarters are at Rome, offers a prize of $1,000 for the best original work on economic geography, or the relations between geography and commerce, industry, emigration, colonization, and social economics, especially Italian. Manuscripts must be submitted before the end of March, 1909, to a committee chosen by the Italian government, the Italian Geographical Society, and the Union of Chambers of Commerce.

The Royal Academy of Sciences in Turin has divided the large Vallauri prize for the best critical work in Latin literature that appeared from the beginning of 1903 to the close of 1906 equally between Prof. Martin Schanz of the University of Würzburg and Prof. Paul Monceaux of Paris.

The Conrad Seipp memorial prizes, offered by Mrs. Catherine Seipp of Chicago for the three best monographs upon the subject, "The German Element in the United States, with Special Reference to Its Political, Moral, Social, and Educational Influence," have been awarded as follows: The first prize, $3,000, to Albert Bernhardt Faust, assistant professor of German literature at Cornell University; the second, $2,000, to Rudolph Cronau of New York; and the third, $1,000, to George von Bosse of Philadelphia.

On April 29 and 30 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell the library of Henry Loomis Nelson, at one time editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and afterwards professor at Williams. First editions of W. D. Howells, Henry James, "Mark Twain," and other modern authors, some with autograph letters inserted, are the items most likely to interest collectors. The Anderson Company's sale of May 1 includes first editions of Thoreau, John Burroughs, Richard Jefferies, Henry James, Andrew Lang, W. B. Yeats, Oscar Wilde, Lafcadio Hearn, and other modern writers.

A special committee of the California Library Association, appointed about a year ago, reports, from data furnished by fifty-five public libraries, that the librarian is the poorest paid public official. In comparison even with minor city and village officers, such as assessors, collectors, city clerks, or school teachers, both in compensation and hours of service, the librarian is at a disadvantage. In one city the poundmaster was rated above the librarian. As a remedy the committee advocates an official standard for librarianship, a more aggressive claim on the part of the library for proper recognition, and the increasing of a sense of responsibility on the part of library trustees.

Trinity College, Dublin, has acquired a hall of residence for women, who are admitted to all lectures and obtain degrees on the same terms as men.

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Chatterton, the Marvelous Boy. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.

There is growing up a whole school of ill-digested books about the romantic movement of the eighteenth century, not the least exasperating of which is this life of Chatterton. They follow a regular formula: a swollen self-complacency as if the writer were miraculously bringing to light truths long concealed by some conspiracy of society, a jumble of loose and ignorant statements, a shrill clamor of undistinguishing praise. As for the work of the present biographer, some notion of his method may be obtained from a characteristic passage such as this:

> The truth is that Walpole is the sole authority for the idea that Chatterton was dissolute. You will find it advanced without proof, without reason, by his every biographer, but there is extant not one particle of evidence to support it and through all its reappearances it can be traced back, link by link, in an unfailing chain until we come to Walpole's letter of defence, and there we can put finger upon the source of all the slanders. Walpole asserts them; the first man echoes Walpole, the second man parrots the first, and so on from tome to tome the falsehood flies and gathers bulk. . . . I have patiently searched out every line, etc.

As a matter of simple fact, there is other evidence. Chatterton himself, in a letter to a friend, boasts of being "not a few times victorious," and the niece of Mrs. Walmsley, at whose house he lived in London, told Sir Herbert Croft, as may be read in that author's "Love and Madness," that Chatterton "was a sad rake, and terribly fond of women." We do not repeat these phrases in the desire of blackening Chatterton's character, for, on the contrary, we rather distrust the evidence, but simply to show the looseness of the biographer's method. Again, Mr. Russell's words can only imply that the charge made by Walpole has been repeated without contradiction "by his every biographer," as if the poor poet were the victim of some conspiracy of ignorance or malice. The statement is preposterous. Chatterton has never lacked defenders. To go no further afield, Willcox's Life (1842), as reprinted in the popular edition of Chatterton in this country, denies more than once the story of his dissoluteness, saying explicitly that "he lived purely and virtuously." Mr. Russell boasts of the "fourteen years [that] have passed since this inquiry began"—he has had time to forget much.

Nor is Mr. Russell more trustworthy in matters literary than in those biographical. "The first definite suggestion that poetry is on one side a kind of painting" was Chatterton's, he says. The schoolboy ought to know that *ut pictura poesis* was the acknowledged canon of poetics until Lessing published his "Laokoön" in 1766. Again,

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"The song to Birtha in 'Aella' . . . is the first attempt after Milton's 'L'Allegro' to make a word melody directly accordant with the sense"; Mr. Russell would no doubt scorn to accept Dryden as a poet at all, yet "Alexander's Feast" has sometimes been regarded as an attempt to make word melody and sense accord; and if Dryden and his school are debarred, at least Mr. Russell should not have forgotten "The Ode to the Passions" and the "Evening" of Collins. But then Mr. Russell has his own notions of rhythm. Melody he seems to think had been unknown in England before Elizabeth; the trochaic measure is for him practically a discovery of Chatterton's, although Philips, Dyer, and who knows how many others in the early eighteenth century had been using the seven-syllable verse which he calls trochaic; and elsewhere he has an extraordinary statement about amphibrachs.

These errors may seem unworthy of attention; they have significance as showing the general extravagance of the book, and of its class. Mr. Russell has gone out to slay his Goliath, and any weapon will suffice. He is not so much seeking the truth about Chatterton as aiming at some phantom vampire of society which ruined Chatterton's life, and then ruined his reputation. As a personification of that society he takes poor Horace Walpole (whom he calls Earl of Orford somewhat prematurely; he must have a Lord!), and utterly perverts the story of his dealings with the poet. As a matter of fact any sensible man would have done as Walpole did when he learned that the Rowley manuscripts came to him from an apprentice lad in Bristol; he sent the papers to Gray and Mason for verification, and, having learnt that they were spurious, he naturally advised the boy to follow his trade and not meddle with letters. To see in this any monstrous social wrong, is merely to rant. But Walpole is not the only scapegoat. The book has been much advertised as a discovery that Chatterton was not really responsible for the Rowley forgeries, but was the innocent tool of another. It turns out that Mr. Russell has nothing but the vaguest surmises that Dr. Barrett, to whom many of the supposititious manuscripts were sold for a history of Bristol, was not entirely ignorant of their character. There is not the slightest proof given of Barrett's complicity. He translated Latin phrases for Chatterton in the false Burgum genealogy, but this would rather imply that he took the document for genuine. He drafted one or two of Chatterton's letters to Walpole, and is therefore a "silent, stealthy figure," and "the cloaked director of the visible moves"; why not suppose he was trying to help the boy in what he regarded as an honest undertaking? At any rate, whether Barrett was ignorant or guilty, what matter? It is only another effort to create some social monster of which this melodious young singer of liberty was the victim. "Mankind," says the biographer sapiently, "provides the conditions that make wrong-doing inevitable, and is then pleased to be much amazed that any one should do wrong." For our part we are inclined to look upon Chatterton as the victim of his own imagination, rather than of any mysterious aristocratic conspiracy. It is doubtful if it ever occurred to him that there was anything wrong in falsifying history and mystifying readers with these Rowley poems; Rowley and Canynge and their works were more real to him than the living people of Bristol, and why should not the world have the profit of them as well as he? It is probable enough, as Byron and others have thought, that an element of something close to insanity entered into his mental composition.

But Mr. Russell has no doubts. Chatterton belongs to the band of radical poets, Marlowe, Milton, Shelley, and Swinburne ("always the poets have been mighty on the side of democracy," he says, ignoring such slight exceptions as Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare); and as such cannot be criticised. His is "the most extraordinary body of verse in our language"; there was nothing comparable to "Aella" between Milton and Shelley; Rowley can far surpass Gray's "Elegy"; and "of all the poets that have sung in English, Shakespeare alone excepted, this had the greatest gifts and surest inspiration"—all which, we submit, is mere madness. As a prodigy Chatterton is unique; one is lost in amazement at the variety and excellence of his achievements. But judging him absolutely, no sane critic can now place him in the front rank of poets. He had his great vogue, due to the same causes that carried Ossian over Europe; he exercised considerable influence on his followers, as Ossian did; he has passages that even now touch the reader with their beauty and harmony; but it is useless to deny that most of his work shows that peculiar lack of experience or bottom which is the mark of the precocious mind. After all Johnson, in his downright way, said the true thing about him: "It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things." To any balanced judgment the extravagances and perversions and the bad taste of the present biography will tend only to obscure for a moment the profound pathos of Chatterton's life and his due reward as one of the inheritors of unfulfilled renown.

Coke of Norfolk and His Friends: The Life of Thomas William Coke, First Earl of Leicester, of Holkham, Containing an Account of His Ancestry, Surroundings, Public Services, and Private Friendships, and Including Many Unpublished Letters from Noted Men of His Day, English and American. By A. M. W. Stirling; 2 Vols. New York: John Lane Co. $10 net.

Many readers upon this side of the water might be pardoned were they frankly to confess that they did not know that such a person as Thomas William Coke ever existed. Yet Thomas William, a descendant of Sir Edward Coke, figures in the "Dictionary of National Biography" to the extent of a column or two. He sat for a long while in the House of Commons, revolutionized agriculture in his part of the country, was a great friend of Charles James Fox, and, dying in 1842, at the age of eighty-eight, was sincerely mourned by a host of devoted friends. He was known and admired as "Coke of Norfolk." His country seat at Holkham (near the ocean) could boast of the finest architecture in England. His library contained many rare volumes, while works of art told of the refined taste of its occupant. Coke rode to the hounds, and lived the life of a country gentleman. Warm-hearted, energetic, a lover of his country, and of his neighbors, a stout Whig, he went somewhat against his will into Parliament, and by repeated elections became at last the "Father of the House." Coke did not talk much in the Commons. He opposed the war that George the Third and Lord North undertook to carry on against America. After the Revolution visitors that managed to cross the Atlantic from the United States had Holkham in mind as a good place to visit, and not a few Americans received a warm welcome there. They found in Coke a sensible, generous host—a fine specimen of the landed gentry, who did his duty to the King without obsequiousness, and saw to it that his tenants paid their rent and kept their families in comfort. The author of this work does well to add to the title the words, "And his friends." You read for a while, and you yourself become a friend of Thomas William Coke. The story of what he was is told in a simple, straightforward way, with no attempt at literary effect. The result, as we view it, is both pleasing and profitable.

Thomas William Coke was not a creative statesman, nor the author of any speech or saying of distinction. He was an active, useful gentleman, who served his country faithfully. Fox, Burke, Lord Nelson, Keppel, Windham, and many others of note came into his life—some of them his intimates—and his biographer has much to say of these eminent personages. Indeed, there is very little text of Coke's own utterances; but there are many letters written to him by friends of note—not remarkable letters at all, but every day epistles that help to "tell the story."

Viewed as a contribution to history, in its lighter aspect, this book is of considerable worth. It will prove very interesting to those who like biography that goes into details. The critic who believes in preserving nothing from the wreck of time that is not valuable on its face, might complain that the material ought to have been cut down at least one-half. But the book was not prepared in order to meet so exacting a standard. The numerous illustrations are excellent, both as to subject and execution. The printing is all that could be wished. Altogether, the book may well engage the attention of him who wants to see English life of a century ago; and he will not fail to enjoy the character here revealed of what we, with a certain touch of fondness, are wont to style "a gentleman of the old school."

CURRENT FICTION.

Princess Nadine. By Christian Reid. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The princess-heroine continues to be an important figure in news-stand literature. Seemingly there is no kind of lady more eligible as companion for the jaded or jadable traveller. The Princess Nadine is a trifle more robust than her type; she yields less quickly to the appeal, or rather command, of the democratic and Western wooer, who is, in the nature of things, destined to put his royal rival for her hand out of the running. In this case it is a Central American dictator of North American birth, a person with square jaw, keen steady dark eyes, and a "supreme, almost arrogant" composure of bearing.

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The princess is three-fourths Russian, but her maternal grandfather was a California miner, so that she is enabled to withstand the tyranny which awards her for political reasons to a certain Prince Maximilian, destined to become titular King of "Serabia," but in effect a mere tool of the higher powers. She is inclined to like him rather better than the dictator, but he turns out to be designing and cold-blooded, while his American rival loves her for herself. The game of intrigue, which brings about her defiance of the Czar's government, is played light-heartedly enough, hero and heroine holding the usual marked cards. The possession of certain compromising revolutionary documents is involved, and brings the princess to her moment of greatest peril. She is threatened with the extreme penalties which Russia reserves for the unfaithful among her elect. The dictator, however, has a joker up his sleeve in the form of a palatial private yacht which snatches the princess from peril, and enables her to become his partner in the building up of a great empire in Latin America. And there you have the whole affair.

A Shepherd of the Stars. By Frances Campbell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An amiable maiden lady, who is, or is supposed to be, the author of the narrative, with two young and lovely female charges, makes off alone to Morocco, by doctor's orders, and against everybody's advice. On the way they meet several people of interest, notably a red-headed young Irishman to be known as Mac, who plays a chief part in the youthful romance intended to serve as wings, no doubt, for what would otherwise be a pedestrian account of travel and observation. The Oriental scenes and episodes thus presented are painted with a good deal of brilliancy, and one has again to register the regret that the sugar-coating of fiction should have been deemed necessary. The characters are not, however, without interest to the student of British manners, being intensely insular in their attitude. When they do not domineer, they patronize; at best the marvel of the South amuses them, at worst it discommodes them. The author seems to be unaware of the absurdity of her two figures of romance. The boy is simply an Hibernian Hercules, fatuously in love. He is, to be sure, a duke travelling incognito—a fact which, when finally divulged, casts a rosy light over his previous performance. The girl is simply a supremely silly young person of an old-fashioned type, fainting readily at the sight of blood, and driven into hysterics by the presence of a spider on her counterpane. For its unconscious humor, its ingenuous amateurishness, the book has a value not to be ignored in this day of sophisticated accomplishment.

The Man of Yesterday. By Mary Holland Kinkaid. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

This "Romance of a Vanishing Race" deals with conditions in Indian Territory in the last decade of the nineteenth century, "more than half a century too late," says the proud old halfbreed Beaumont to his white visitor, "to behold us of the Five Nations in our barbaric state. The missionaries helped to civilize us Chickasaws and Choctaws long before we left Mississippi." To which his wife adds: "I liked the missionary work here in the Territory so well that I decided to devote my entire life to one Indian." The story goes on to tell of the political and social complications existing in a mixed population; of the complex effects of conflict between races, of land allotments to the Indians continually reduced by tricky means, of syndicates and land-grabbers and elections. "Indians are natural politicians," declares The Man Looking for the Sun—the young hero who half resents the drop of white blood in his veins, and fiercely longs to right his people's wrongs. Interest of another sort is provided in the love passage between the white man and the girl of Indian descent, their marriage, his desertion of her, and the blood vengeance wreaked by her kinsman.

The passionate race pride of the Indian, his fortitude, his scorn of promise-breaking, are strongly pictured. In Pakali, with her Indian blood and her white woman's training, lives a heroine fair and tender and brave as heart of romance reader could wish. A close acquaintance with Indian character and customs is apparent throughout, and with the acquaintance goes an intense sympathy for their passing—a passing whose pathos is heightened in the story by the melancholy acquiescence of the better element.

Santa Lucia: a Common Story. By Mary Austin. New York: Harper & Bros.

The scene is that with which Mrs. Austin has made us familiar in earlier stories—California. Santa Lucia is a place not far from San Francisco, containing a small denominational college. The hero is the new professor of biology, a young man, "not quite thirty," scholarly, reserved, cool. He falls in love with the most beautiful girl in town, and naturally endows her with all the mental and moral qualities which such a woman should possess. She is, as a matter of fact, selfish, shallow, and indifferent to his work; but, taken with the idea of marrying a man of distinction in the learned world, she casts off a more commonplace but passionate lover and accepts the professor. The end of it all, in the last chapter, is substantially what the neighbors feared. Bound up with this tale is that of a young married couple. The wife, a graduate of Wellesley, has a strong intellectual sympathy with the mismated Professor Stairs, but in the end she finds out the worth of her own husband. For good measure, Mrs. Austin gives us the love affair of the village doctor's daughter, who has two lovers, but chooses the right one, and is happily married in the end.

Mrs. Austin is fond of describing California scenery, and she indulges her taste so freely at the beginning that for the first few chapters the story moves slowly; but once we are fairly started, the pace is swift enough. That is not to say, however, that Mrs. Austin conforms to the strict canons which some of our pundits prescribe for the novel. She is not afraid of a little leisure and an occasional stroll from the straight and narrow path. She aims to present a fairly complete picture of life in this set of Santa Lucia society; and to do this she does not hesitate to introduce as many subordinate characters as she pleases. They are all distinct and well drawn—Dr. Caldwell and his assistant, Mrs. Bixby of the W. F. M. S. and the W. C. T. U., and Lew Sing, the Chinese cook. The novel, as a whole, is decidedly above the average.

The Man Who Was Thursday: a Nightmare. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

For the ancestry of this sprightly tale the reader is respectfully referred to Stevenson's "Dynamiter," and "The Wrong Box." The hero, a Scotland Yard detective, gets himself elected a member of the Central Anarchist Council—seven men named for the days of the week. That is the beginning of a series of fantastic adventures, in the course of which Thursday discovers that each of the other six members, including even Sunday, the leader, is also a detective who is trying to penetrate to the innermost secrets of the anarchist organization. The adventures of the first half of the book are so coherent as to be almost plausible; but through the last half the action becomes wilder and more farcical, till at last it exceeds all bounds, even of burlesque. The closing chapters are allegory, pure and simple; and, what is worse, the point of this allegory is not wholly clear.

Although the work is negligible as a piece of fiction, it has the interest of Mr. Chesterton's essays—a vivacious and clever style that glitters with paradox, sometimes almost silly, and sometimes shrewd and suggestive.

La Trompette de Marengo. Par Samuel Cornut. Lausanne: Payot & Co.

M. Cornut, whose "Trompette de Marengo" is achieving great success, is one of the leading novelists of French Switzerland. This last novel, the ninth that he has written, gives a highly colored and vivid picture of the canton de Vaud during the period of the Revolution and the Empire, when it rid itself of the last vestiges of the feudal régime. The life of these Swiss villages on the shores of Lake Leman, the customs of the nobles and the peasants before the invasion of the cosmopolitan hostelries, are here described with a charm that few French novels of to-day can boast. The students of language will find also many curious examples of obsolete French still preserved outside of France.

FRENCH HISTORY.

Histoire socialiste. Sous la direction de Jean Jaurès. Vol. X. Le Second Empire. Par A. Thomas. Paris: Rouff.

L'Empire libéral. Par E. Ollivier. Vol. XII. Paris: Garnier.

L'Avénement de Bonaparte. Par le Comte Vandal. 2 vols. Paris: Plon-Nourrit.

Quarante-huit. Par Robert Dreyfus. Paris: Cahiers de la Quinzaine.

The "Histoire socialiste" of Jean Jaurès is a sign of the times, not lightly to be dismissed by the historian because of its class appeal and pamphleteering tendency, nor impatiently to be avoided by the general reader alarmed by its socialistic title and revolutionary red cover; it is a work of great importance, emphasizing certain

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aspects of history with which we are none too well acquainted, and addressed to an audience of great mental and political activity. The scope of the work embraces the history of France from a socialist point of view from the time of the French Revolution to the present day; the volume now under review covers the period of Napoleon III. Attention is concentrated throughout on the working class of France, and especially of Paris, a class under heavy economic pressure, but wonderfully intelligent in its political reasoning and chronically inclined to translate its opinions into revolutionary action. How dangerous that class appeared to the newly established Second Empire is apparent from the statistics here collected. The Coup d'État of December 2 was followed by wholesale proscriptions. In the department of the Hérault alone no fewer than 60,000 persons came under police observation; in France 20,000 were transported or imprisoned. The judicial records cited are amazing, and show that countless individuals, working men and peasants, guiltless and in many cases incapable of political action, were visited with penal condemnations. For a time the Labor party, as well as the Republican party, was completely suppressed.

Then came the fat years of economic expansion, that, ably fostered by Napoleon III., marked the first half of his reign—the period of Haussmann, and Morny, and railway construction. Employment was plentiful and wages rose; but the working man, at first satisfied with improved material conditions, soon found prices rising as fast as his wage, and at the same time became conscious of his growing importance and latent power. At this point it was, say about the year 1857, that the conflict became once more inevitable. The policy of the government towards labor was essentially false. It sought to satisfy labor by a progressive economic policy, by embarking on public works and by attempting to regulate food prices favorably; but alongside of this, being at heart more than distrustful of the laboring class, it attempted to keep it in a state of complete subjection by police regulations and factory laws of the most galling character. Factory regulations, such as those set out in the "Histoire socialiste," could have only one effect. They welded together into one loose secret society the working men of France, keenly alive to the injustice and hostility of the system. It was the struggle for betterment of a great class, that marked the closing years of the empire, a struggle which helped to shape the opportunity which the leaders of the Orleanist and bourgeois parties seized for erecting their Third Republic. Labor found leaders of real ability, but they took little direct part in the political evolution of 1870 because their aim was more social than political.

And the labor leaders of the early sixties—the fact is clear whether in France or in England—showed a political insight and sense of justice not always to be found outside their ranks. Their great cry was for freedom of association and freedom of opinion; while the working men of France, notwithstanding the sufferings they endured from the stoppage of cotton, sympathized with the Northern democracy in its struggle against the Confederacy. From the agitation and economic disturbance of the early sixties sprang the International, the origin of which is here dealt with at length, and with a good deal of added information on the French side; the "Histoire socialiste" makes no attempt to exaggerate the importance of the part played by this famous society. From 1864 to 1870 there is only space to note that, as middle class French liberalism raised its head in press and parliament, fixing its aspirations on a new régime fast rising in the shadow of Napoleon, so the more moderate leaders of labor saw themselves gradually displaced by the more violent; Tolain made way for Blanqui, and the rectification of social disabilities became uninteresting, with revolution looming on the horizon.

The last few months of Napoleon's tottering régime are dramatically told, though *ex-parte*, by Émile Ollivier in his twelfth volume. Conversations, letters, scraps of debate in the Corps Legislatif, not elsewhere to be found, give point and vivacity to the narrative. Towards the close of 1869 freedom of speech had been more than won; in the tribune Rochefort was permitted to hold forth as follows:

Le ministre a cherché à ridiculiser le projet de loi qui vous a été présenté hier par le citoyen Raspail et moi. Je tiens à constater qu'il ne fait que continuer le système inauguré par le chef de l'État. À l'ouverture de la session le chef de l'État a cru devoir ricaner et m'insulter (c'était faux). Si ridicule que je puisse être, je ne me suis jamais promené sur une plage avec un aigle sur l'épaule et du lard dans mon chapeau.

How the Empire survived into 1870 was little less than miraculous. Ollivier's ministry, as he never realized, and as he will not yet admit, might prolong the agony, but could not avert the catastrophe. Gambetta saw more clearly when he declared "Vous n'êtes qu'un pont entre la République de 1848 et la République à venir, et nous passerons le pont." Two important points that the volume brings out are: the nature of the manœuvres that paved the way for the Hohenzollern candidacy of 1870; the fact that Ollivier was not the master of his own Cabinet, as he had declared he must be, but that he depended absolutely on the support of the Orleanists Buffet and Daru.

No more brilliant book than Count Vandal's has been written on the Napoleonic period. From whatever point of view it is approached, from that of exact erudition, of minuteness of detail, of breadth of intelligence, of felicity of style, of illuminative power, there is nothing but praise. Even the historian who has made a special study of the period will rise from its perusal with a deeper and a clearer view of Bonaparte and his work.

The period covered is short in point of time, less than twelve months, but long by the measure of historical evolution. For in it were crowded the military disasters of the Directoire, Bonaparte's return from Egypt, the revolution of Brumaire, the founding of the Napoleonic institutions, and the coping stone of Marengo. It is through these intense weeks that Count Vandal guides us, following inch by inch the bold footsteps of the extraordinary man who worked out of them results that still dominate the institutions of continental Europe. And although the author rarely relaxes an austerity of method that excludes from his narrative the alluring generalities that other French historians have ventured on in this connection, yet there is always felt behind the closest detail an informed outlook and sense of perspective. If there is a thesis to be discovered in these pages, it is perhaps this: that France in 1789 did not demand democratic liberty, but administrative organization; and that this was the work which Bonaparte actually accomplished in 1800; he did not so much organize the Revolution as organize the ***ancien régime.*** On this point one of the most interesting of the unpublished documents here produced is a minute of a meeting of the Council of State whereby it would appear that Bonaparte declared:

If the ancient administration of France perished—and I do not fear to say it was the most perfect that ever existed—it was on the financial side.

Much space might be taken up giving some impression of the brilliant aspects of the book. The descriptions of the scenes at St. Cloud on the 19th of Brumaire are vivid in their photographic precision; while those of the political and especially social conditions of Paris are frequently marked by delicate literary quality.

In his little book on 1848, Dreyfus offers many good appreciations on the questions of the press, of public opinion, of education, and of religion for the years immediately preceding the second Empire.

Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet. By John Masson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

It would be hard to write a dull book on one who came nearer than any other man of the world to uniting science and poetry and—we dare use the word, however strange it may sound when applied to Lucretius—religion. Certainly Dr. Masson, who by his magazine articles and earlier book on the atomic theory has made the Lucretian field his own, could not well treat the subject without giving much valuable material. The best chapters of the present volume are those in which he discusses the scientific theory of the "De Rerum Natura." Here his method is orderly and his illustrations apt. Particularly interesting to our mind is the analysis of the famous discussion on materialism between Tyndall and Martineau, with its by-play, as throwing light on the same questions which in different form were agitating the old classical world. "The atomic theory of Democritus [and of Lucretius] was a guess, and no more than a guess," said W. K. Clifford, the fighting bigot of science. Dr. Masson has done good work in showing that this principle of the Epicureans was more properly an hypothesis than a guess, although he does not bring out emphatically enough the part played by modern mathematics in extending the hypothesis and lifting it into the sphere of metaphysics.

For his clear exposition of the atomic theory and of the hints of evolution also in Lucretius, full praise must be accorded Dr. Masson. And there are other sections of the book to be commended, notably the pages summing up the philosophy of Epicurus, and some of the paragraphs on the poetical powers of Lucretius. But as a whole, the work is irritating and unsatis-

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factory. There may be some difference of opinion in regard to his treatment of Jerome's all-too-brief biographical note. Dr. Masson brings together all the latest views on those startling sentences. He believes in the love philtre and supports his belief by evidence showing the wide use of such poisonous decoctions at the time. Our own feeling is that such an argument points the other way. If philtres had not been commonly used, the tradition that Lucretius had been thrown into madness by one would by its very strangeness be more credible. It is just in the ages when poisoning is common that every sudden death is attributed to such means, and that every tradition of murder must be most carefully scrutinized. Thus it seems to us that, while the story of the philtre may be true, it is more likely a popular attempt to explain a state of unbalanced nervous excitement. Opinions here may differ, but at other points Dr. Masson's work is open to more unquestionable censure. His lack of construction is glaring. The same arguments reappear again and again throughout the book in the most haphazard fashion; quotations are needlessly repeated, and the whole book would be more effective if reduced in length by a quarter. When Dr. Masson adds his own reflections, they are naïve to a degree barely escaping the ludicrous; you feel yourself in the presence of a Scotch parson surveying the world from his manse windows. Hearken to these profound reflections on the famous *Suave mari magno:*

> It does, indeed, stir the imagination to behold danger from a place of safety far away; but it is only a cowardly, sentimental soul that can actually enjoy the sight of danger that it would not face itself, etc.

At times this naïveté falls into amusing self-contradictions. Thus on page 419, read: "He had found the world living, if not with One Great Life, yet with many lower lives, and he left it dead, 'utterly dead', and cold." Three pages over it is said: "In short, Lucretius, like the writers of the Psalms, makes us feel that there is a spiritual element in Nature." Where, one asks, is the spiritual element in a Nature left cold and dead? This is not an exception, but a fair example of his confusion of mind.

The fact is, Dr. Masson's work suffers fundamentally from lack of reflection. He possesses, indeed, abundance of reading both in ancient and modern literature, but he has no power of associating his erudition with life, as may be seen whenever he touches on history. Thus, because Cæsar stands for the democratic uprising against the Senate, he is

> The noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of times.

The author would appear to have no understanding of the Cæsarian and Napoleonic temperament which is led on by the sheer necessity of acting and dominating. His self-contradictions spring in part from this inability to understand the motives of human nature and in part also from the want of any central controlling idea in his criticism. At one time he dwells on Lucretius's conception of scientific law ruling through all phenomena, at another he speaks of the world as thrown together by chance. As a matter of fact, there is no real contradiction in the poet, however it may appear in Dr. Masson's treatise. Lucretius started from a particular human and moral attitude toward life, from the horror, to use Cæsar's words, of *fortuna cujus libido gentibus moderatur.* From this conception of moral chance and of a wanton individualism in human affairs springs his physical theory of the atoms whirled together fortuitously, each governed by its arbitrary faculty of "declination" representing the final chance and individualism of nature. In the vast course of time these haphazard conglomerations fall together into the form of the present world, beautiful in part, but in general bearing all the marks of a ruthless unmeaning accident. From the intricate play upon one another of these multitudinous atoms arises what seems for a while to be a law of nature; but at bottom this is a mere deception, and chance reigns hideously supreme. Reverence to the gods places them in a region outside of the world; pity for mankind calls upon men to withdraw to the same sphere of calm, even though that sphere, be *mors immortalis mors æterna.* It is this moral and human conception at the base of Lucretius's system that has made him one of the leaders of life; for, as Pascal saw, and stated so clearly, Epicureanism and Stoicism are not of one age, but are marks of an irreconcilable, ever-present division in the temperaments and thoughts of mankind. By slighting this central idea Dr. Masson has failed to make of his essay a vital criticism of life.

And in this failure, as in his strength, he is an illuminating example of the work done by our classical scholars in general. Like him, they often have abundant erudition; they sometimes have the same familiarity with modern literature, enabling them to season their writing with unexpected illustrations. But almost without exception they lack that fundamental thought or philosophy which would convert their learning into living literature. Our classical schools are losing their hold because in them the classics are so seldom brought to bear on the unchangeable problems of life. And there is here an enormous and enticing field. The number of books in English which deal with Greek and Latin, not philologically or even æsthetically, but critically, as criticism was understood by Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière, can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand; the harvest is ripe, but where are the reapers?

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, Vol. IV., 1761-1765, Edited by John Pendelton Kennedy; Vol. V., 1758-1761, Edited by H. R. McElwaine, Richmond, Va.

The preceding volumes of the "Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia" were noticed in the *Nation* of August 17, 1905, and June 6, 1907. A brief bibliography of these Journals, as far as copies are known to the editor, is given in the preface of Vol. IV., dated June, 1907. This bibliography was apparently prepared too early to include certain additions suggested in the *Nation* of June 6, 1907. We note also that, speaking of the Journal of 1764, the editor says: "So far as is known there is not a complete printed copy of this Journal extant," the copies in the Virginia State Library, and in the Library of Congress both being imperfect. As a matter of fact, however, the copy in the library of the Maryland Historical Society is complete, beginning on p. 3 and ending on p. 98, and the pagination is continuous with that of the following session of May 1, 1765, beginning on p. 99. A copy of the original Journal in the British Record Office in London was procured to print from. The Maryland copy also confirms the statement of the editor that there was but one session of the Assembly in 1765, as against the view of Hening and Stanard.

A valuable Introduction of some seventy-five pages notices the most important transactions of this Assembly, in which account the Bancroft Transcripts in the Library of Congress are frequently drawn upon. Among the topics were Indian affairs, the issue of paper money, the question of payment of the clergy, and the resulting "Two-Penny Act" regulating the price of tobacco, the only currency of the colony. The ensuing dispute brought on the celebrated "Parsons' Case," in which the oratory of Patrick Henry made such an impression on the jury. But the most important matters during the latter part of the period covered by the Journals in this volume, were those resulting from the passage of the Stamp Act. An address to his Majesty, and memorials to the Lords and Commons, and to the agent of the Colony, were adopted on December 18, 1764. The ground taken by the Burgesses was that "freedom could not exist where taxes were laid upon a people without their consent." Finally, Patrick Henry, jr., then in his first session, offered his celebrated resolutions. He tells us himself, in his own handwriting on the back of a copy of the resolutions—which serve as a frontispiece in facsimile to this volume:

> Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law-book, wrote the within.*

The Assembly treated in the fifth volume, 1758-1761, held seven sessions. The Journals for the first, second, third, fifth, and seventh sessions follow transcripts of the originals in the Public Record Office, London; for the fourth session, a printed copy in the Library of Congress; and for the seventh session, a printed copy in private hands in Williamsburg, Va., the only copy known. Valuable illustrative extracts have been made from the Draper manuscripts owned by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and from the Bancroft Transcripts. These are printed in the appendix, but the former method of printing such extracts in the Preface, in their chronological order near the matter illustrated, seems to be more convenient. A list of the names of the Burgesses for the whole Assembly is prefixed, with notes showing changes during the several sessions, and this seems preferable to repeating the names for each session.

In his message to the Assembly at the opening of the session of March 4, 1760, Gov. Fanquier urged the renewal of the appropriation for the support of the Virginia regiment, reminding the Assembly of what Great Britain was doing, and adding:

> As a further motive to induce you to pursue this salutary measure, consider the present declining state of France; her trade ruined, her navy destroyed, her treasury

*See William Wirt Henry's "Life of Henry," Vol. I., p. 80.

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bankrupt, and the spirits of her people so entirely broke that she is become rather an object of pity than of resentment. From these circumstances, it is most probable that the blessings of peace will soon attend us; will you not then persevere to the last? Will you tarnish the honor and reputation you have justly acquired by withdrawing yourselves at the close of the day? I cannot suppose it.

The eloquence of the Governor so wrought upon the feelings of the Assembly that it continued the regiment in the service of the Colony until the first day of November next, and three hundred men of it to the first day of April following, "if it shall be thought necessary by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief of this Colony."

These volumes are handsomely printed by the Colonial Press of the Everett Waddey Company in Richmond, in a limited edition of five hundred copies. The proofreading is better, but it is not yet perfect.

Science.

"The Tree Doctor: the Care of Trees and Plants," by John Davey (Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co.), is an extremely entertaining volume. It purports to give the results of long and devoted study of the diseases of our cultivated trees, and of methods of treatment. From first to last, the author presents the whole matter just as an enthusiastic tree-doctor might talk to a sympathetic audience. When he wishes to impart his information in verse, he does so, and it is not very bad verse, either; and when he gives his views about those whom he regards as unwise advisers, he expresses himself without reserve in words which hit hard, and hurt. At the outset, one might think that the volume is composed of odds and ends thrown together in a hap-hazard manner, but on careful reading it is seen to be the work of some one who knows how to get at his hearers in homely speech. Of editing, strictly speaking, there is none; but there is a telling management of blunt phrases. For the most part the advice is judicious, and in not a few instances the phraseology is felicitous. The trifling errors are not likely to mislead any one who makes use of the book in an earnest attempt to improve the condition of trees in orchard, park, or forest. But we must express regret that so good a book should be without index or even table of contents. Even the two hundred photographic reproductions, most of them good and well-chosen, cannot make up for this unnecessary defect.

Dr. Étienne Burnet of the Institut Pasteur, and head of the vaccination service of the city of Paris, explains the present state of "La Lutte contre les microbes" (Colin), particularly in cancer, tuberculosis, sleeping sickness, tetanus, enteritis, smallpox, and vaccine, and the entire work of Jenner up to date.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences in Vienna, in coöperation with the University, the Royal Museum of Natural Sciences, and the Society for the Scientific Investigation of the Orient, will unite in sending an expedition to Mesopotamia in the autumn. The field to be covered includes archæology, geography, botany, zoölogy, and kindred lines of research. Among the chief participants are Dr. Ernst Blaschke of the Royal Museum, Othmar Reiser of the Museum in Serajevo, and Dr. Friedrich Vierhapper of the Botanical Institute in Vienna.

The American Association of Pathologists and Bacteriologists began its eighth annual meeting at Ann Arbor April 17. The following officers were chosen: President, Dr. H. E. Ernst, Harvard; vice-president, Dr. T. H. Hiss, Columbia; secretary, Dr. F. B. Mallory, Harvard; treasurer, Dr. E. H. Williams, University of Buffalo. A committee was appointed to raise a relief fund for the widow of Major Carroll, the United States army surgeon, who died from the effects of his experiments while studying the theory that yellow fever is spread by mosquitos; and also for the widow of Dr. Lazear, who was connected with Major Carroll in these experiments.

The death is announced of Dr. William Edward Wilson at the age of fifty-six. In 1871 Dr. Wilson established a private observatory and laboratory at Daramona, County Westmeath, Ireland, where excellent work on light and heat was carried out.

Drama.

In his representation of François Coppée's fine play, "Pour la couronne," a number of years ago, Edward Vroom showed himself a romantic actor of uncommon skill and power. This impression he confirmed by his performance in his own play, "The Luck of Macgregor," which was presented in the Garden Theatre on Monday evening. Unfortunately, the play itself is a poor patchwork—military, patriotic, sensational, comic, pathetic, and wholly theatrical—which has no claim upon serious consideration. But Mr. Vroom's impersonation of the central character, an adventurous young Irishman, of the Harry Lorrequer type, was one that could be matched by very few living actors. Exuberant in spirit and charged with audacious vivacity, it was yet perfectly simple and natural. Constantly picturesque in pose and gesture, it was also entirely free from theatrical affectation. Its temperament was delightfully Hibernian, merry, ardent, and tender by turns, with occasional outbursts of genuine passion and touches of manly pathos. Mr. Vroom's artistic proficiency was displayed in the rapidity, lightness, and certainty of his execution, in the significance and grace of his movement, and in the refinement, variety, and melody of his vocal tones. Such good elocution as his is seldom heard upon the stage nowadays. That he is an artist of high and varied accomplishment is certain. His full powers as an actor can only be tested in a play of higher intellectual and imaginative quality.

The success of Eugene Walters's "Paid in Full"—attributable to certain audacities of realism rather than to actual literary or dramatic merit—attracted attention to a new play by the same author, "The Wolf," presented in the Bijou Theatre. This proved to be a melodrama of the Canadian backwoods, with a sensational scene showing, for chief attraction, a duel in the forest, by night, between the villain and the virtuous lover. It is a crude piece, in which youthful exaggeration, imitativeness, and inexperience are all manifest; but which exhibits occasional flashes of vigor and fancy, and a sense of picturesque contrast which contain promise of future achievement. The best thing in it is the character of the hero—a French Canadian—which, in its combination of vivacious good-humor, simple courtesy, and essential virility, is fresh and exceedingly effective, especially as it is interpreted by William Courtenay, who has never done anything better, or so good.

Next month Putnams will have ready Prof. Curtis Hidden Page's translation of Molière in the series of French Classics for English Readers. The work will be in two volumes and will include seven of the best plays, those in verse being rendered here for the first time into English verse.

Bernard Shaw's new play, "Marriage," will be produced in the London Haymarket Theatre, probably in two or three months, under the management of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker.

The committee in charge of the Bauernfeld endowment funds in Vienna has awarded to Karl Schoenherr of Vienna the *Ehrengabe* of 4,000 kronen, in recognition of his drama "Erde."

Music.

The Commonplaces of Vocal Art. By Louis Arthur Russell. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

Songs from the Operas. Edited by H. E. Krehbiel. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

There are teachers of singing in New York who make over $25,000 a year. Naturally, a vocation which offers such prizes has many followers throughout the country, and the majority of them, one comes to think, write books, most of which set forth a personal method "possessed and known only by the author." The theories and practices of these teachers, which often remind one of the occult arts of the Indian medicine man, doubtless confer an oracular power over students. There are exceptions, and Mr. Russell is one of them; he does not assert that he has discovered the only true method of teaching the art of singing, but he simply attempts, in his little volume of seventy-four pages, to bring together a number of useful hints regarding breath management, effort in singing, distinctness of utterance, head voice, the legato style, lip shaping, phrasing, and so on. Some of the admonitions, like "Power must never be sought at the cost of purity of tone," seem superfluous, but as a matter of fact there are very few singers, especially on the operatic stage, who do not need to have such elementary truths impressed on them.

Carl Armbruster edited collections of lyric numbers from the Wagner operas for The Musicians' Library, and now Mr. Krehbiel follows with a volume of songs from other operas, mostly preceding Wagner's. He goes back as far as Caccini, one of the originators of Italian opera, and his list includes Campra, Bononcini, Rameau, Pergolesi, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Da-

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vid, Thomas, Verdi, Gounod, Delibes, Bizet; these names being arranged in the order of the composer's birth. The editor provides a brief sketch of the career of each of these nineteen masters with remarks on the opera from which the selection is taken, and this work is well done, although one may object, in view of "Aïda," to the assertion that the culmination of Verdi's creative powers is marked by "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," and "Rigoletto"; or to the statement that Bizet "lived to enjoy his triumphs only three months," for the success of "Carmen" did not come till after his death. A valuable feature of this edition is the printing of the old arias exactly as they were sung when they were written, the appoggiaturas, mordents, and other antique signs being translated into the modern notes which represent the original manner. Mr. Krehbiel has also added variants in the embellishments as introduced by certain singers; for instance, Mme. Sembrich's version of "Ah! non credea mirarti" from "La Sonnambula."

In "Kling, Klang, Gloria, Deutsche Volks- und Kinderlieder," W. Labler has published (Leipzig: G. Freytag) forty-six of the popular juvenile songs of the Germans and has set them to music. The book is beautifully illustrated, in part in colors.

When the new German Theatre, at Fifty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, is opened next autumn, the manager, Hermann Klein, will begin a series of thirty Sunday afternoon popular concerts. The program will be drawn from the masterpieces of the classical composers, beautiful chamber works undeservedly neglected here, and brilliant instrumental solos, intermingled with famous *Lieder* and modern lyric compositions by the best European and American writers. A special feature is to be made of songs in English.

Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, sailed on Saturday for Canada, where he will deliver lectures on the cathedral music of England, from the days of Tallis and Orlando Gibbons to the present time. His tour opens on April 27, at Montreal.

Art.

MR. ABBEY'S DECORATIONS FOR HARRISBURG.

LONDON, April 7.

Edwin A. Abbey is showing at the University of London his series of decorations for the Harrisburg Capitol. The series consists of four lunettes to go under the collar of the dome, and four circular designs for the pendentives between. The State of Pennsylvania, its history and industries, have given Mr. Abbey his principal themes. The first in order chronologically, if not in the order of their exhibition, is The Spirit of Religious Liberty, Accompanied by Faith and Hope, Guiding the Ships of the Early Settlers to the New World. The other three, Science, The Spirit of Light, and The Spirit of Vulcan, preside over the mines and oil wells and iron works that to-day make Pennsylvania more famous than the spiritual prosperity Penn hoped and planned for it. The allegorical figures of Law, Religion, Science, and Art, each with an appropriate quotation, are to fill the four pendentives.

In treating the subjects in the lunettes, Mr. Abbey has profited by the opportunity to present on a large scale modern life and modern scenes. The workmen of the present generation, without the glamour of mediæval trappings, descend into the mines to which Science points; spirits, bringing light to the world, float upward across an arrangement of very real derricks; Vulcan is enthroned over a blast furnace that, in its modernity, must come as a surprise to the pagan god. And Mr. Abbey has made the most, realistically, of these themes, finding as much in them for his purpose as in the old songs and the Shakespeare plays he has been more used to illustrate. It is true that he has mingled allegory with realism; into each of the huge lunettes he has introduced one or more allegorical figures, with what success I hesitate for the moment to say. Certainly, as the decorations are now seen, the most successful is the one in which there is none of this realism, The Spirit of Religious Liberty, who, with Faith and Hope, in rose-flushed draperies, guides the early settlers across the sea. Here the ships, with red sails unfurled, are the ships of other days. Mr. Abbey has carried them out even more conventionally than the conventional figures, and the result is more decorative than in the lunettes where realism and allegory meet and clash.

There is nothing more difficult than to reconcile realism and allegory to convention in decoration. Mr. Furze made for Liverpool some arrangements of navvies at work that, in line and the spacing of his masses, were most decorative. John Lavery never did anything of any kind finer than his big decoration representing modern industrial Glasgow. He and Mr. Furze both relied on actual life, without dragging in allegory as Mr. Abbey has done. Even so fine an artist as Saint-Gaudens came perilously near failure in the attempt, as you may see in one of the most beautiful of all his statues, his General Sherman; for, though the conditions may differ, the same holds true of sculpture as of painting. There is no question, therefore, of the difficulty Mr. Abbey has so bravely accepted and met.

The first chance to see the series has been given to London, but, really, the first chance to judge will not come until every lunette is in its proper place at Harrisburg. The one thing certain is that Mr. Abbey has made an interesting and new departure in his subjects; that these are more powerful in their appeal than the Sir Galahad series at Boston—the present generation being much more immediately concerned with oil and iron and coal than with the Holy Grail; and that he has shown ingenuity in carrying out his modern themes. N. N.

The transformation which has doubled the attractiveness and almost the area of the Naples Museum has worked very slowly in the department of painting. For the best part of eight years the galleries have been frequently closed or accessible only by special permission. But the picture galleries are again open; even if such conveniences as catalogues and labels are for the future. We understand that all the attributions, many of them glaringly bad, are to be carefully revised. The effort, in the overhauling of the Museum, has been to gain space. Originally the pictures were crowded several files deep in a suite of small galleries, toplighted and facing the court. Only the rooms named after Raphael and Titian were tolerably hung. The galleries were well adapted for the purpose, the crowding was the real evil. Accordingly reform could be got either by adding galleries or by withdrawing many of the bigger and poorer pictures. In a collection rarely high in quality and rather ill assorted there were many good reasons for preferring the latter course. What induced the management to stand by the many seventeenth-century "machines" it possesses was presumably, first, that many of these were produced by Neapolitans; next that they perfectly represent the taste of the town; and, finally, that there was available a series of galleries almost ideally adapted for the exhibition of the eclectics and realists. Outside the small galleries runs a suite of palatial halls, rather dimly lighted from windows, and decorated ornately in sombre tones. Theoretically worse galleries could hardly be imagined, yet the Romans, Bolognese, and Neapolitans of the decline painted with an aggressiveness to defy bad lighting and trying backgrounds, and they are really seen to advantage in these halls built in their times, and decorated when the baroque was still living and admired. And since these painters, many of them masters of composition, have generally been sent wholesale to museum storerooms, we feel that the Naples management did well to follow rather a liberal than a puristic course. By using the big, dim galleries for late painting, it has been possible to display that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries under generous conditions of space and light. On the whole, Prof. Del Buono and his colleagues have made a very satisfactory redistribution of the difficult material at their disposal. The Naples picture gallery can probably never be one of the great shrines of æsthetic resort in Italy; at least it has ceased to be negligible. It is still unfortunate in possessing few ensembles of an attractive kind, but its fine examples of Titian, Sebastiano del Piombo, Giambellino, Masaccio, Masolino, Correggio, and Raphael, and Claude (now all well hung) give it a strong claim upon the serious lover of art.

For two years past the work of Giotto has been vigorously discussed. With Sirèn's iconoclastic revision of the traditional list, appeared Venturi's circumstantial redistribution of many of the frescoes of Assisi and Padua to supposititious helpers. Now it is understood that Venturi finds practically nothing of the master at Assisi. Into this debate Bernhard Berenson, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for March, enters as a kind of moderator. He has greatly modified the view expressed in the handbook of Florentine paintings, which was based on the acceptance of the Stefaneschi altarpiece. Now he regards that picture as not earlier than 1320, and, perhaps, as a product of Bernardo Daddi's youth. To a similar date are relegated the four allegories in the central vaults of the Lower Church at Assisi. By the same unknown

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artist as these are the frescoes concerning St. Francis as well as the Annunciation and Crucifixion in the adjoining right transept; and to him, it is suggested, we may owe the Baroncelli altarpiece of Sta. Croce. Yet another hand must be held responsible for the frescoes of the Childhood of Christ in the same transept. Mr. Berenson characterizes this painter "as one of the most fascinating story tellers that ever held brush," and thinks that this charming ignoto may have painted the Paradise with the Dante portrait in the Bargello. Constructively, Mr. Berenson admits as Giotto's authentic list the St. Francis stories in the Upper Church, Nos. ii-xix, and the general schemes of Nos. i. and xx.-xxv. These were executed by the "Cecily Master," who did Nos. xxvi.-xxviii. from his own designs. Of the much discussed frescoes in the Maddalena chapel, in the Lower Church, the Resurrection of Lazarus, the Feast in the House of Simon, and the portrait of the Donor with the Magdalen (in part) seem surely to be by Giotto himself. None of the various panels ascribed to Giotto, except the great Virgin of the Florence Academy and the Crucifixion in the Arena Chapel, Padua, now strike Mr. Berenson as beyond cavil, though he still entertains a tenderness for the Circumcision in the Gardner Collection, Boston, and believes that the Last Supper at Munich is in part from the master's brush. Naturally no doubt attaches to the frescoes in Sta. Croce, and, in view of recent mystifications, it is heartening to read:

> The most important source for the study of Giotto remains the Arena Chapel where, excepting the paintings in the little tribune which no serious critic has attributed to him, everything is his, saving merely some of the small heads in the decorative strips, and a few small passages in the upper part of the Last Judgment.

For numerous details we must refer the reader to the *Rassegna*, only quoting a passage which suggests the import of Mr. Berenson's change of front. He writes of Giotto's earliest works, the St. Francis series, Nos. ii.-xix.:

> These reveal everywhere the faithful follower of Cavallini, not yet as advanced as his predecessors on these walls, but endowed with extraordinary dramatic qualities and with a great capacity for expressing substance and reality.

If we must believe, with Venturi, that Cimabue also developed under the influence of Cavallini, that Roman painter must be regarded as the real founder of the modern manner in Italy.

J. T. Evans's new volume, "Church-Plate of Carmarthenshire" (London: Henry Gray), does not yield in point of interest to either of those which preceded it. The introduction offers the student results of the later research into the history of church vessels, not in this region only, but in the rest of England and Wales. In comparison with some other districts, the county of Carmarthen is found to come off badly in respect of the number of its specimens. It possesses only one pre-Reformation example, and an indifferent one at that, the plain silver plate at Llanddeusant, which T. M. Fallows dates about 1525. Of Elizabethan pieces, excluding the Llanstephan cocoanut cup and the doubtful Egremont chalice, it has thirty-three; of seventeenth century examples, it owns twenty-nine; and of eighteenth century, twenty-one. If, however, its specimens do not bulk large, they show considerable variety and artistic interest. Special store is set by the Llanstephan cup of 1569, already mentioned, which is believed to be the only hall-marked cocoanut vessel in existence used for the celebration of the Eucharist.

In "Edwin Davis French: a Memorial," Ira H. Brainerd has done an admirable piece of work. Mr. French was easily the best book-plate engraver we have had in America, and all collectors of these "unconsidered trifles" cherish everything that came from his hands. A book that deals so authoritatively with his life and work is certain, therefore, of an enthusiastic reception. The selection of biographical material has been painstaking and discriminating; the plates used as illustrations cover a wide range. The check list of the French plates, as published by Paul Lemperly in 1899, has been continued, and the series brought to a finish. A supplementary list of designs and engravings other than book-plates has been included. The edition is limited to 475 copies, of which 425 are on handmade paper and 50 are on imperial Japanese vellum; the printing was done by the De Vinne Press.

"Karten von Leukas, Beiträge zur Frage Leukas-Ithaka," by Walther von Marées (Berlin: Berliner lithographisches Institut Julius Moser), contains forty pages of text, seven illustrations, and six charts dealing with Ithacan problems. In 1904 Emperor William sent Capt. von Marées and Lieut. Nonne to make detailed topographical measurements on the island of Leucas. The results of their investigation are here given; in general their findings confirm Professor Dörpfeld's views.

The latest issue of the official Jahreshefte contains a report of research in Ephesus by Austrian scholars under leadership of Prof. Rudolf Heberdey. He is assisted by the archæologists W. Wilberg and J. Klein and the geologist A. Grund. These excavations, east of the ruins of the library, have laid bare an eight-cornered building, erected between 54 and 59 A. D., and ornamented with beautiful relief plates. Next to this is a long hall, one end of which connects with the theatre. This hall, it appears from the inscriptions, was used down to the Byzantine period. Remnants of the old and beautiful Hellenistic rotunda belonging to the time of King Lysimachus have been exposed by removal of a superstructure dating from the period of the Roman empire. Adjoining the remains of St. Mary's Church, the largest Christian structure unearthed in Ephesus, is found a smaller church planned in the same style.

At the auction at Christie's, London, on April 4, the following prices were paid for drawings by Turner: Bodiham Castle, £504; Pevensey Castle, £420; The Vale of Ashburnham, an open landscape, £441; Hurstmonceaux Castle, £451; Beauport, near Bexhill, £220; Battle Abbey, £357; The Vale of Ashburnham, wooded foreground, £640; The Vale of Heathfield, £735; The Vale of Pevensey from Rose Hill Park, £682; Rose Hill Park, £577; Pevensey Bay from Crowhurst Park, £546; and Rose Hill, £357. Among the other drawings sold were these: D. Cox, Cross-Roads, £262; C. Fielding, Snowdon, £241. The paintings included: Turner, Beach at Hastings, £6,300; J. Israëls, La Fête de Jeanne, £1,680; J. Linnell, sen., A Forest Road, £1,344; Millais, The Sound of Many Waters, £1,155; The Fringe of the Moor, £1,155; Murthly Water, £366; Wilkie, The Cotter's Saturday Night, £1,155; Vicat Cole, Cookham-on-Thames, £220; Summer Showers, £294; P. Graham, Highland Landscape, £262; A Highland Ford, £294; J. C. Hook, Yo, Heave, Ho! £294; J. Pettie, At Bay, £336; Briton Rivière, Comala, £252; Hoppner, Portrait of a Young Girl, £420; Opie, Mrs. Macdonald, £441; Reynolds, Edwin, from Beattie's "Minstrel," £262; Heads of Angels, £399; Keeley Halswelle, An Essex Lock, £210; J. Holland, The Piazzetta of St. Mark's, Venice, £262; Alma Tadema, At the Close of a Joyful Day, £966; C. Fielding, Pembroke Castle, £325.

An exhibition of the complete etched work of D. Y. Cameron will be held at the Grolier Club in this city April 25 to May 16.

The death is announced from Versailles of Prince Bojidar Karageorgevich, the brother of King Peter of Servia, in his forty-seventh year. He was not only a distinguished patron of art, but was himself a sculptor of note, exhibiting frequently at the Salon and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, of which he was an associate.

Charles Busson, a pupil of Rémond and Français, and a landscape painter of long-established reputation, has died at the age of eighty-five. He obtained a medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, and had from that time on been a regular exhibitor at the Salon. Two of his works are in the Luxembourg.

Finance.

Money and Credit Instruments in Their Relation to General Prices. Vol. I. of Cornell Studies in History and Political Science. By Edwin Walter Kemmerer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

This little volume is in many ways the best thing that has appeared in monetary investigation for some years past, and quite puts to the blush several rather pretentious works which have recently undertaken to read the burial service over the so-called quantity theory of money. Begun as a college thesis and eventually serving as the basis of a doctoral dissertation, it serves as a model both of close-knit *à priori* argument and effective statistical verification. The author's experience in the Philippines as a monetary expert enlarged his vision and strengthened his grip of fact, without shaking his faith in the carefully sifted deductive theory of money as it came from the hands of the abler classical economists. The book is divided into two parts: The first, theoretical; and the second, statistical. In the first part the quantity theory is presented in a series of frankly hypothetical societies, reminiscent of Nicholson's treatment of the same problem. Misconceptions and misrepresentations of the quantity theory are duly exposed and set aside; and, as the complexities of credit are finally superposed on the simpler hypothetical monetary society,

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the author emerges triumphant with the well-fortified conclusion:

> The quantity theory, in spite of all the complexities of the modern industrial régime, still holds true as a general principle; and general prices, *other things being equal*, vary proportionately and in the same direction with variations in the money supply (p. 87).

If Professor Kemmerer had stopped here we should have been his debtors, but to nothing the same extent as we are in view of his brilliant supplement. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin has contended that "taking the available data at hand for the United States, one would have no hesitation in saying that in no single case examined has there been any proportion whatever between the movements of prices and the quantity of the circulation." If "circulation" includes deposit currency, this dictum certainly will need revision in the light of Professor Kemmerer's demonstration of the close correspondence between the relative circulation and general prices between 1879 and 1904.

A minor criticism may be suggested regarding an infelicity in presentation, not substance of doctrine. Chart II. (p. 142), based on index numbers, seems at first glance to represent the bank reserves as constantly greater than the money in circulation *inclusive of the bank reserves*.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, Charles M. British Committees, Commissions and Councils of Trade and Plantations, 1622-1675. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Bielschowsky, Albert. The Life of Goethe. Translated by William A. Cooper. Vol. III. Putnams. $3.50 net.

Bradford, jr., Gamaliel. Matthew Porter. Boston: Page.

Braid, James. The Ladies' Field Golf Book. Imported by Scribners. 40 cts. net.

Browning's Strafford. Edited by Hereford B. George. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.

Bruner, James D. Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.

Byford, Henry T. To Panama and Back. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.

Carpenter, Edward. Sketches from Life in Town and Country. Macmillan. $1.50.

Chamberlain, Arthur Henry. The Condition and Tendencies of Technical Education in Germany. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

Chase, George H. The Loeb Collection of Arretine Pottery. New York.

Chester, George Randolph. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. $1.50.

Clegg, Thomas Bailey. The Bishop's Scapegoat. Lane. $1.50.

Clerke, Agnes M. A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century. Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Compayré, Gabriel. Montaigne and Education of the Judgment. Translated by J. E. Mansion. Crowell. 90 cents net.

Cooke, Marjorie Benton. More Modern Monologues. Chicago: Dramatic Publishing Co.

Crawford, F. Marion. The Primadonna. Macmillan. $1.50.

Death in the Kiss. Broadway Publishing Co.

Deeping, Warwick. Bertrand of Brittany. Harpers. $1.50.

Deledda, Grazia. Ashes. Translated by Helen H. Colvill. Lane. $1.50.

Draper, Andrew Sloan. Our Children, Our Schools, and Our Industries. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

French, Edwin Davis: A memorial. New York: Privately Printed.

Frost, Thomas Gold. A Treatise on the Incorporation and Organization of Corporations. Third Edition. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

Fuller, Robert H. Government by the People. Macmillan. $1 net.

Funk, I. K. The Next Step in Evolution. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Gardenhire, Samuel M. Purple and Homespun. Harpers. $1.50.

Goodnight, Scott Holland. German Literature in American Magazines Prior to 1846. Madison: University of Wisconsin. 50 cents.

Grammont, Maurice. Petit Traité de Versification Française. Paris: Armand Colin.

Granville, Roger. The King's General in the West: The Life of Sir Richard Granville. Lane. $4.

Hart, Albert Bushnell. Manual of American History, Diplomacy, and Government. Cambridge: Harvard University.

Heineman, T. W. The Physical Basis of Civilization. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.25.

Higinbotham, John U. Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium. Chicago: Reilly & Brittin Co.

Holmes, Sir Richard Rivington. Windsor: Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Jasper, Walter. Susanna: A Drama in Five Acts. Boston: Mayhew Pub. Co.

Johnson, Allen. Stephen A. Douglas: A Study in American Politics. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Kennedy, Charles Rann. The Servant in the House. Harpers. $1.25.

Kilpatrick, Van Evrie. Department Teaching in Elementary Schools. Macmillan Co. 60 cts. net.

Klein, Abbé Felix. An American Student in France. Chicago: McClurg & Co.

Leavitt, Sheldon. Paths to the Heights. Crowell. $1 net.

Leckey, Phœbe Fabian. The Beckoning Heights. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.

Lee, Vernon. Limbo and Other Essays. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Leonard, Mary Hall. Grammar and Its Reasons. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Lilley, A. Leslie. Modernism, A Record and Review. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.

Litchfield, Grace Denio. Narcissus. Putnams. $1 net.

Lounsbury, Thomas R. The Standard of Usage in English. Harpers. $1.50 net.

Maler, Theobert. Explorations of the Upper Usumatsintla and Adjacent Region. Cambridge. Published by the Peabody Museum.

Masterman, J. Howard B. The Rights and Responsibilities of National Churches. Cambridge: University Press. 75 cts.

Nash, Henry Sylvester. The Anointing Life. Macmillan. $1 net.

Newton, Charles B. and Edwin B. Treat. Outline for Review in American History. American Book Co. 25 cents.

Ogg, Frederic Austin. A Source of Mediæval History. American Book Co. $1.50.

Pendleton, Louis. Alexander H. Stephens. Philadelphia: Jacobs.

Phelan, Raymond Vincent. The Financial History of Wisconsin. Madison, Wis. 50 cents.

Polley, J. B. A Soldier's Letter to Charming Nellie. Neale Pub. Co. $2.

Polly, Lady. All About Salads. The Cathedral Publishing Association. 75 cents.

Potter, Margaret. The Golden Ladder. Harpers. $1.50.

Rastall, Benjamin McKie. The Labor History of Cripple Creek District. Madison: University of Wisconsin. 50 cents.

Reich, Emil. Foundations of Modern Europe. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Reich, Emil. General History of Western Nations. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4 net.

Remy, Alfred. Spanish Composition. Boston: Heath. 60 cts.

Royce, Josiah. The Philosophy of Loyalty. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Russell, Anna Virginia. A Story Told by Pins. Neale Pub. Co. $1.

Schaffner, Margaret Anna. The Labor Contract from Individual to Collective Bargaining. Madison: University of Wisconsin.

Serviss, Garrett P. Astronomy with the Naked Eye. Harpers. $1.40 net.

Spargo, John. The Common Sense of the Milk Question. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Starr, Frederick. In India Mexico. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $5.

Travis, Thomas. The Young Malefactor. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Ward, Robert De Courcy. Climate. Putnams. $2 net.

Watkinson, W. L. Frugality in the Spiritual Life. Revell. $1 net.

Webb, Sidney and Beatrice. English Local Government. Vols. 1 and 2. Longmans. $7 net.

Who Is Who In Insurance, 1908. Singer Co.

Wilder, Victor. Life of Mozart. Imported by Scribners. $3.50 net.

Williams, Marie V. Six Essays on the Platonic Theory of Knowledge. Putnams. $1.

Withey, Morton Owen. Tests in Plain and Reinforced Concrete. Series of 1907. Madison: University of Wisconsin. 25 cents.

Workman, Fanny Bullock and William Hunter. Ice-Bound Heights of the Mustagh. Imported by Scribners. $5 net.

Younghusband, G. J. The Story of the Guides. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

READY THIS WEEK

People and Problems

By FABIAN FRANKLIN, Editor of *The Baltimore News* and Sometime Professor in Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Franklin marks his retirement from the editorial control of *The Baltimore News*, which he has held since 1895, by a collection of his ripest work. This includes comprehensive discussion of "Newspapers and Exact Thinking," "James Joseph Sylvester," "The Intellectual Powers of Woman," and "A Defect of Public Discussions in America," and some three-score editorials. The range of subjects is very wide, and reflects the resources of a writer of remarkable grasp of public questions, both American and foreign. Soon after Dr. Franklin became editor of *The Baltimore News* that paper acquired a national reputation for independence, fair-mindedness, and soundness of information.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 34 W. 33d St., NEW YORK.

Comparative Electro-Physiology

By JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE, M.A., D.Sc. Professor, Presidency College, Calcutta. 8vo. pp. xlvii-760. $5.75.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., New York

For Sale at Half-Price

The Journal of English and Germanic Philology, Vols. I-VI complete (1897-1907), $9.00. Asmundarson's Islendinga Sögur, Nos. 1-40 (Reykjavík, 1891-1904), $4.00. Carriage paid by purchaser. Address E. F. B., care The Nation.

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